# MARTYRS of NEW FRANCE

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TORTURE OF THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

(Reduced facsimile of plate in "Historia Canadensis," by Franciscus Creuxius, F. J., 1664.)

# The Martyrs of New France

BY

W. S. Herrington

Author of "Heroines of Canadian History."

"We have built on what they wrought,"
"Theirs were the honour posts."
—William Douw Lighthall.

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1909

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# PREFACE.

THAT the great mass of English-speaking Canadians are deplorably lacking in even a superficial knowledge of the history of their own country while under the French régime cannot be successfully denied. We are too prone to accept the 13th of September, A.D. 1759, when Wolfe and Montcalm fell upon the Plains of Abraham, as the starting point of all that concerns us, and to dismiss all events prior to that date as matters of very little consequence. Many of our boys and girls are more familiar with the heroes of the neighboring republic, or even of ancient Greece and Rome, than they are with the fearless pioneers who founded and nourished our infant colony. Our public men and orators, when requiring an illustration of valor patriotism or martyrdom, too frequently turn to the pages of ancient or mediæval history, or content themselves with some mythical character that never had any existence. One would think that the history of Canada was

still wrapped in mystery, or was quite barren of noteworthy personages.

It was with the hope of reviving the memory of some of Canada's brave and heroic women that I ventured to collect a few sketches, under the title of " Heroines of Canadian History." While engaged in the search for particulars of this neglected class, the unpleasant truth was forced upon me that there was another class more neglected still, and that was the martyrs of New France. Why are their names so unfamiliar to us? Why do we so rarely refer to their saintly lives and noble sacrifices? Can it be that we of Anglo-Saxon origin are still harboring in our breasts an unneighborly feeling towards our fellow countrymen sprung from an alien race? Can it be that that feeling has taken such deep root that we are unwilling to concede that our country owes anything to the sturdy sons of France, who first planted the fleur-de-lis upon these shores? It may be that we are unwilling to plead guilty to such a charge, but the disagreeable fact remains that many of us have been very sparing in our praise of the intrepid Frenchmen

who deemed no sacrifice too great for the mighty undertaking they had in hand. We pride ourselves in being the most Christian nation upon earth to-day, yet it was left for a Protestant bishop of a foreign country to say of the Jesuit Fathers, who were the first missionaries to Canada, that they " had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the time of the Apostles," and that they were " men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country, and whose names should ever be kept in grateful remembrance."

There is no need to appeal to the histories of other lands for examples of romantic episodes, startling adventures and superior types of manhood, so long as we have access to the records of the first settlers upon the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the following pages I have endeavored to throw a little light upon the lives of a few of the first missionaries and others whose deeds entitle them to be ranked in the same class, and if by so doing some of my readers

may be led to enquire further into the events of the period during which these martyrs lived, I shall feel that my humble effort has not been in vain.

I am largely indebted to the works of Francis Parkman for material used in many of these sketches.

W. S. HERRINGTON.

Napanee, Ont., Nov. 15th, 1909.

# CONTENTS.


CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The Martyrs of New France - - - - - - - 9

CHAPTER II.

Anne de Noue - - - - - - - - - - 37

CHAPTER III.

Isaac Jogues - - - - - - - - - - 40

CHAPTER IV.

Antoine Daniel - - - - - - - - - 53

CHAPTER V.

Jean de Brebeuf - - - - - - - - - 64

CHAPTER VI.

Adam Daulac - - - - - - - - - - 82

CHAPTER VII.

Cavelier de la Salle - - - - - - - - 105

CHAPTER VIII.

Jacques Marquette - - - - - - - - 136

CHAPTER IX.

Pierre Gautier de la Verendrye - - - - - 144

# The Martyrs of New France.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Martyrs of New France.

In considering the attempts of France to colonize the New World, we should never lose sight of the fact that in the seventeenth century the religious question was a very vital one. Europe was entering upon an era in which the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church overshadowed all other international problems. In the gigantic struggle that followed, new alliances were formed, wars were waged and dynasties overthrown, all for the vindication of the religious principles of the contending parties. France was the avowed champion of the Church, and her representatives, when pursuing their explorations in America, were not seeking alone the acquisition of territory in this hemisphere, with the consequent advantages of trade that would flow therefrom, but were seeking also the extension of the Kingdom of Christ by con-

verting the heathen tribes that peopled this vast continent.

In the mind of Champlain, religion and patriotism were inseparably linked. In dedicating the narration of his voyages and explorations to Cardinal Richelieu, the Superintendent-General of the Commerce and Navigation of France, he begins as follows: "These narratives are offered to you as the one to whom they are chiefly due, not only because of your eminent power in the Church and State as well as in the command of all navigation, but also that you may be promptly informed of the greatness, the fertility and the beauty of the places that they describe. For it may be assumed that it was not without great and vital reasons that the kings who were the predecessors of His Majesty, and he also, not only raised the standard of the Cross in that land in order to establish the faith there, as they did, but also wished to attach to it the name of New France." Again, in the same dedication, he continues: "But among these foreign peoples, those of New France are foremost in extending their hands to you; believing with all France that since God, on the one hand, has constituted you a Prince of the Church, and on the other hand has raised you to the pre-eminent dignities that you hold, you will

not only bestow upon them the light of the faith which they long for continually, but will also assist and support the possession of this new land, by the settlements and colonies that will be found necessary there; and that, in fine, since God has expressly chosen you among all men for the perfection of this great work, it will be entirely accomplished by your hands."

It will be observed from the foregoing quotations that Champlain gives a most prominent place to the interests of the Church. This was not introduced into the document merely for the purpose of parading before the public his attachment to the Church, but it was the honest expression of a sincere and devout man, who for thirty years was the centre of all life in New France and the guiding spirit of its early development. One of his last acts was to summon to a General Assembly at Quebec the French residents and a large number of Hurons, in order that he might plead with them to embrace the faith and remain true and loyal to the Church.

That His Majesty and his counsellors viewed with favor the bringing of the heathen within the embrace of the Church, which at all times was so urgently advocated by Champlain, is very clear from a perusal of the com-

mission granted to him in 1612. After constituting him in due form the representative of His Majesty in New France, it provides: "That by means of this and of all other lawful ways, he shall call, instruct, provoke and move them (the Indians) to the knowledge and service of God, and to the light of the faith and the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion; establish it there; and in the exercise and profession of it, maintain, preserve and keep these places in obedience to His Majesty and under his authority."

We find Champlain throughout his whole career in the New World earnestly working for the spiritual welfare of the heathen tribes, and when the Company of New France, which became the feudal proprietor of all domains claimed by the French in North America, was formed in 1627, we find the interests of the Church most jealously guarded. Among the other terms of the charter there was a provision that every settler must be a Frenchman and a Catholic; and for every new settlement at least three ecclesiastics must be provided. Thus we see adopted in the early colonization days of Canada a policy which to a greater or less extent was continued until the fall of Quebec. France always had in view the spreading of the faith among the Indians, and in select-

ing men to fill important posts in the colony only such men were chosen as were believed to be staunch supporters of the Church. The priest, therefore, was a very important factor in the building up of the colony. He did not follow an invading party into the interior in the capacity of chaplain, but he was among the first to penetrate the wilds, and if any soldiers were in the party, they were in attendance upon him, not he upon them. Whatever criticisms may be passed upon the part played by the Church of Rome upon the political stage of Europe in the seventeenth century, it must be admitted by all that the representatives of that Church who sailed to the New World were endowed with the zeal of true apostles of Christ, and that the name of the Order to which they belonged was not unworthily bestowed upon them. Many of them belonged to the noblest families of France, were men of refinement and education, and before them lay the prospect of brilliant careers in the temporal affairs of this world if they had chosen to claim their birthright. All these advantages they renounced when they joined that renowned association upon whose banner was inscribed the motto that became the guiding star of their lives, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam" ("To God's

greater glory"). When the call for help came from the mission fields of Canada, they cheerfully responded, and this was not done from any worldly motive, for there was no thought of bettering their condition. When they set out for New France, they left behind them the conveniences and comforts of civilization, and turned their faces towards a lonely life in the wilderness with its inevitable responsibilities, trials and dangers. With an unshaken fidelity to the motto of their Order, they zealously applied themselves to their noble work, and no consideration of the risks and perils to be encountered ever swerved them from their duty.

The important part played by the Jesuit missionaries in laying the foundation of the new colony has not been sufficiently recognized by succeeding generations. Their work was by no means confined to the spreading of the faith among the heathen. That was the primary object they had in view, but incidental to it they performed services to the country the credit for which is generally assigned to others without recognizing their part in them, and they were frequently assigned delicate and dangerous missions by the governor, which they fearlessly executed, displaying a skill and diplomacy which fully justified the confidence placed in them.

Champlain is frequently referred to as the first white man to visit the shores of Lake Huron, but such is not the case, as Friar Le Caron had preceded him. To Joliet is ascribed the credit of discovering the Mississippi, and to him it belongs, but Father Marquette accompanied him, shared with him all the perils of that arduous voyage, and encouraged and lent inspiration to the undertaking. So Father Hennepin accompanied La Salle upon one of his first expeditions to the land of the Illinois, and while the young seigneur returned to Canada to set his affairs in order, the enterprising priest pursued his explorations for several months until his return. To him also may be ascribed the distinction of being the first white man to gaze upon the roaring cataract at Niagara. We will also see in the following pages how another devoted friar was chosen by the same leader to accompany him upon his disastrous voyage to the Gulf of Mexico. He suffered the same disappointments and dangers, shared the responsibility of devising means of relief, stood by his side on the plains of Texas when the bullet of the assassin pierced his brain, and was one of the number who, after La Salle's death, travelled through pestilential swamps, trackless forests and swollen rivers from the burning sands of the shores

of the tropical gulf to the home of the little colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In every instance where history records the notable exploits of the early French explorers we find that their ablest lieutenants were clothed in the priestly garb. The priest was always welcomed at the fort and around the camp-fire, and his advice was sought even in the council chamber of the governor. He was tactful and fearless, and whether on the trail, at the settlement or in the Indian village, he bore his share of the burdens of the day. In times of war we find him in the firing-line, imparting courage to the soldiers, caring for the wounded, and administering the last rites of the Church to the dying. In times of peace we find him following his holy vocation about the colony and mission, or traversing long distances with his portable altar in his canoe or upon his back, visiting the settlements of the white men, and penetrating the wilderness to carry his sacred message to the heathen tribes. Never idle himself, he was always encouraging others to activity.

Let us now glance for a moment at the colonists. While France was laying claim to vast tracts of territory in the New World, England was also planting her standard there, and Spain, by virtue of original discovery, frowned

upon the pretensions of both. England, however, stood for colonization; France for colonization and evangelization. Hundreds sailed from the shores of England to escape persecutions at home for religious observances, and thus the Motherland was gaining a foothold in the New World and at the same time was ridding herself of a class of citizen that, as she thought, she could well afford to spare. France, on the other hand, after her plans of colonization were fully developed, prohibited the emigration of the Huguenots, and, so far as she could control them, permitted none to leave her shores except such as were in full sympathy with her ambitious projects for the expansion of the Church. These stringent regulations were agreeable to Champlain, and it was under him that were made the first successful attempts to found a colony. Before he was commissioned to carry out the great enterprise to which he devoted the rest of his life, others had undertaken the task, but their ventures were doomed to failure from the beginning. We will briefly review two of these abortive attempts.

In 1588 the Marquis de la Roche, who had secured a monopoly of the Canadian trade and been given a number of high-sounding titles, among them Lieutenant-General of Canada,

proclaimed to the world that he was about to colonize New France. The inhuman manner in which he carried out his design left a stigma upon his name which time cannot efface. He ransacked the prisons and gathered a gang of thieves and desperadoes steeped in brutality and vice. He displayed as little judgment in his selection of a landing place for the miserable wretches whom he had chosen to plant Christianity and civilization in the West. The one spot in the course of all trading vessels most unsuited for human habitation is Sable Island, the graveyard of the Atlantic Ocean. It consists of a series of sandhills thrown up by the sea off the coast of Nova Scotia, and it had already entered upon its career of destruction, for the first object that broke the monotony of the dreary scene for the new arrivals was a stranded wreck upon the beach.

Here la Roche left his band of exiles, promising to return for them as soon as he had chosen a site for the capital of his new dominion. But a violent tempest assailed his frail vessel, and he put back to France, leaving the forty outcasts to their fate. From fragments of the wreck they built themselves huts. For food they depended upon the fish of the sea and the wild cattle that pastured upon the rank grasses of the island, and they clothed them-

selves in the skins of seals and foxes. Many died from disease and exposure, and not a few at the hands of their fellow-exiles. Five years after, a Norman pilot was despatched to their rescue. He found only eleven survivors, whom he brought back to France, and he rewarded himself by robbing them of the store of valuable furs which they had accumulated during their long exile. These, however, he was compelled to restore to them, and from the proceeds of sale, aided by a bounty from the king, they were enabled to embark on their own account in the Canadian trade.

During the next decade, several futile attempts were made to establish trading-posts upon the St. Lawrence, but all came to naught and many lives were sacrificed. In 1603 Aymar de Chastes, a veteran of the civil war, conceived the plan of doing a service to the Church and to France by planting the cross and fleur-de-lis in New France. Although he never lived to witness the successful issue of his magnanimous scheme, yet we are indebted to him for enlisting in his pious enterprise the man who eventually solved the problem of founding a colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Champlain had served under him in the royal fleet off the coast of Brittany. He had already won a reputation as a successful

explorer and a skilful seaman by his two years' voyage to the West Indies, and de Chastes secured for him a post in the new company he had formed. In company with Pontgravé, an experienced sailor, he explored the St. Lawrence as far as the site of the present city of Montreal, and returned to France to find that his patron was dead.

Sieur de Monts, a nobleman, then undertook to complete the unfinished work of de Chastes, but in a manner that would never have met with the approval of his predecessor. Although Champlain accompanied him, he was not assigned any responsible position in the undertaking, and from the severe criticisms he made upon the manner in which the plan was carried out, it is quite evident that his advice was not sought, or, if it was, it was not acted upon. In April, 1604, de Monts sailed with a mixed company of soldiers, sailors, artisans, Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers, and a number of colonists composed of idlers and vagabonds impressed into the service. They cruised about the coast of Nova Scotia and explored the Bay of Fundy in search of a site for the colony; for de Monts from his previous experience upon the St. Lawrence had concluded that no white man could endure the severe climate of that region. They finally

selected an island in the mouth of a river which at present forms the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. They called it the St. Croix, a name since given to the river itself. Here they disembarked, and the ships sailed for France, leaving on this lonely island, little better suited for the purpose than the sandhills chosen by la Roche, a strangely mixed company of seventy-nine souls, among them being de Monts himself and Champlain. This may be regarded as the pioneer colony of New France.

The party lost no time in clearing the land and cutting and hewing the timbers for the construction of buildings. A substantial lodging was erected for de Monts, another for Champlain and d'Orville, and before the winter closed in they had built storehouses, a magazine, workshops, lodgings for the gentlemen and artisans, and a barrack for the soldiers, the whole enclosed by a palisade. Champlain laid out a garden and endeavored to cultivate the soil, but found it ill-suited for the purpose. On a projecting point of rock they built a small chapel, and near by they marked out the bounds of that which they soon found to their bitter sorrow they had frequent occasion to visit—a cemetery.

De Monts had hoped to evade the severe

winter of the St. Lawrence, but he had not reckoned upon the savage tempests that sweep across the Bay of Fundy. The fierce storms of winter penetrated their rude structures and chilled the unprotected colonists huddling about their scanty fires. Huge fragments of ice barricaded their small island, and, tossed about upon the swift current of the ebbing and flowing tide, cut them off from their supply of fuel and water. To add to their misery and discomfort, the scurvy broke out among them, and when Pontgravé returned from France in June, thirty-five newly-made mounds in the little cemetery told the sad story of their sufferings.

We will follow the fortunes of this ill-fated venture no further than to state that the colony at Isle St. Croix was broken up, and the unhappy remnant, suffering from the dreaded disease from which their companions had died, was removed to Port Royal, where, though their sufferings were greatly reduced, the colony again failed to take root. The place was finally abandoned, and all who survived sailed for France in 1607. In the meantime Champlain had pursued with indefatigable energy his explorations along the coast and through the wilderness, adding three and one-half years of experience to that fund of

knowledge already acquired by him, thus fitting himself for his great life-work.

In 1608 de Monts secured a fresh monopoly of the traffic for one year, and, fitting out two ships, he gave the command of one to Pontgravé, who was to conduct the trade with the Indians, and of the other to Champlain, who was to superintend the settlement of the colony and the exploration of the interior. They sailed up the St. Lawrence as far as Tadousac, which for some time had been the centre of the Canadian fur trade. Here they encountered the Basques, carrying on a very brisk but an illicit trade with a band of Algonquins. The trespassers at first assumed a defiant attitude, firing upon Pontgravé's ship, killing one and wounding two of his men; but they afterwards repented of their folly and left Pontgravé in the enjoyment of the trade which his monopoly secured for him. Champlain, with his little band of colonists, proceeded to Quebec, where they immediately set to work to prepare their winter quarters. These consisted of three buildings, surrounded by a wooden wall and a moat.

On the 18th of September Pontgravé sailed for France, leaving behind him Champlain and twenty-eight men. It was not long before the dreary winter with its attendant miseries

set in. Near by camped a roving band of Algonquins, who busied themselves in the late months of autumn in catching and smoking their winter supply of eels. These they stored with the French while they went away on their annual hunt in quest of the coveted beaver skins. Returning late in the winter, they spent the rest of the season in ease and idleness, but in constant dread of the Iroquois. Every unfamiliar shadow assumed the form of a Mohawk warrior, and every creaking branch betrayed to their terrified imagination the stealthy footsteps of a foe. It was no unusual occurrence for them to rouse the French in the middle of the night clamoring for admission and protection, because some gorged member of the band in his restless dreams had felt the cold edge of the scalping-knife of the enemy. Then followed terrible tales of persecution,torture and slaughter which filled the minds of the French with a prejudice, perhaps justifiable, against a tribe with which they personally had had no dealings.

All went fairly well with the white men until the season was nearly spent, and hopes were raised that they had found a means to overcome the terror of winter life upon the St. Lawrence, when one of their number was stricken down with the dreaded scurvy. His

companions still hoped that the milder months of spring would rescue them from the fatal scourge, but there was no escape from its deadly talons. One by one their scarred and emaciated bodies were deposited in the frozen earth, until by the middle of May only eight survived, and four of these were suffering from the loathsome disease. The rugged constitution of Champlain, inured to hardship and exposure, had resisted the invasion of the malady which had robbed him of three-fourths of his colony, and when Pontgravé arrived in June he took counsel with him concerning his long-meditated explorations into the interior.

It is not my purpose in these brief narratives to present even an outline of the early history of our country, but to lay before the reader some of the experiences of the early settlers, so that from the examples here given he may be able to gain a fairly accurate conception of what was endured by them. We will now leave the little colony after its first winter in the New World, and trace the beginning of another evil, which, for the next century, was the cause of more suffering, anguish, terror and despair than all the other forces combined which opposed the peaceful settlement of New France.

Let us first glance at the map and ascertain

the location of the principal actors in the prolonged struggle which followed. The French were located at Quebec, and soon afterwards extended to Three Rivers and Montreal. At the lower extremity of Georgian Bay resided the Huron tribe of Indians, who were capable, if unmolested, of carrying on a very extensive trade in furs and tobacco with the French on the St. Lawrence. In order to reach the trading-posts they descended the Ottawa River. Midway along the route between Lake Nipissing and the St. Lawrence lay Allumette Island, the home of the Algonquins, a less powerful tribe than the Hurons, yet whose trade was of considerable importance. These two tribes were on friendly terms, for as it was to the interest of the Hurons to have a free passage of the Ottawa, they could ill afford to make war upon the guardians of their chief highway. The French had already secured the good-will of both these tribes, and would have reaped a rich harvest from the furs collected by them if a third party had not intervened. This third party was the allied tribes of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, known as the Five Nations, or the Iroquois, whose territory extended across the central part of the State of New York. The eastern extremity of this territory

was within easy striking distance of the St. Lawrence, and the western within easy reach of Georgian Bay.

The Iroquois were aggressive, cruel and ferocious, and were possessed by an insatiable love of conquest. Their mode of life was in advance of the other tribes with whom they came in contact. They cultivated vast fields of corn and rarely suffered from famine, as they stored up large quantities of this grain to tide them over the long winter. They carried on an intermittent warfare with nearly all the other Indian tribes, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and no other nation could withstand their terrible assaults. The Hurons and Algonquins had suffered severely from these frequent raids, and their first thought when the French appeared with their miraculous weapons was to secure the white men as their allies to rid themselves of their old enemies. Champlain had listened to their stories of war, torture and massacre, and had observed the terror with which they regarded the Iroquois. He also feared not only that the roving bands of marauders, unless their inroads could be checked, would cut off his supply of furs and paralyze his trade, but that his exploring parties would always be in danger of attack. It may be that he underrated the resources of

this powerful alliance, or foresaw that a conflict with them was inevitable. At any rate, he consented to join the Hurons and Algonquins in an expedition against the Five Nations, and in June, 1609, they set out with sixty braves in search of the enemy, whom they encountered on the shores of Lake Champlain. There were only three Frenchmen in the party, but they were sufficient to strike terror into the two hundred startled Iroquois, who stared in wonder at the glittering coats of mail, and dropped their weapons and ran when they heard the first report of the arquebuses and saw their chiefs fall before the wonderful firearms of the white men.

From that day for many generations, the French settlers paid their annual tribute of scalps to these ferocious tribes, who wreaked an awful vengeance. From that day the Iroquois lurked in ambush wherever the woodman's axe or the foot-prints of the white man betrayed the presence of the French. Many an innocent child was tortured to death and many a family cruelly massacred to atone for that one day's work. It may be that the same calamitous results would have followed if Champlain had endeavored to maintain a neutral position between the factious tribes, and possibly the censure that many heap upon him

for this apparently rash act is undeserved. It would have cleared his memory of the charge if he had endeavored to avoid an unprovoked attack upon them, or if he had in his narratives pleaded some justification for thus hastily incurring the enmity of so implacable a foe. At any rate, an insuperable barrier was raised between the French and the Iroquois, which for a century frustrated the efforts of statesmen and missionaries and at times threatened the extinction of the colony. In vain did the authorities at home urge upon successive governors to exterminate the allied bands. To do this was impossible, as their losses in battle were made good by the adoption of prisoners captured by them from other tribes with whom they were at war. This simple means of recruiting was effective, as the adopted warriors rarely attempted to escape or return to their original tribes. If attacked by an overwhelming force, they deliberately destroyed their own villages and retreated into the forest, where no white man could follow them. As soon as the attacking force retired, they returned, bringing with them their valuables, which they had concealed in some hiding place, and in a few weeks they would be re-established in their old haunts.

The French, though skilled in diplomacy

when dealing with the white men, found their skill of little avail when treating with the Iroquois, who were past masters in the art. For a full century they made the best possible use of their position to play off the French on the St. Lawrence against the English and Dutch on the Hudson and the Atlantic seaboard. They were always ostensibly ready to treat for peace, and would despatch their chiefs and orators to confer with the governor or his representatives. If they saw that any advantage could be gained by accepting the terms offered them, a treaty would be concluded, but this would be observed by them only so long as they deemed it to be to their interest to live up to its terms. As soon as it suited their purpose to violate it, they never failed to find a pretext for doing so, and unhesitatingly broke the compact.

It was equally impossible, as will appear from some of the following sketches, to offer complete protection to the colonists by means of fortified posts. The soldiers at the disposal of the governor were inadequate for the purpose. The needs of the ever-growing colony demanded that the soil should be cultivated, and thus there was exposed to the ravages of the watchful foe an ever-extending area which could not be guarded at all points. Parties

large and small were constantly moving about the settlements in their daily vocations; others would travel long distances to secure the trade of the Western tribes or to obtain game and fish to supply their wants. It was while thus engaged that scores were killed or captured, only to be driven like cattle to the native towns, where, after hours and often days of torture, they would be put to death, not infrequently hacked to pieces, boiled in huge kettles, and served up at a cannibalistic feast.

As the colony extended, the settlers built their cabins in clusters, but these villages were not exempt from attack. The terrible massacres at Lachine and La Chesnaye, which occurred eighty years after that ill-advised expedition to Lake Champlain, will illustrate the constant terror in which the settlers lived. I cannot do better than quote from that valuable life of Frontenac, by W. D. Le Sueur, recently published in the series of "The Makers of Canada":

"The night of the 4th of August, 1689, was dark and stormy, with rain and hail. It was just such a night as might serve to cover the approach of a stealthy foe, and the foe, vengeful and relentless, was at hand. Fourteen hundred Iroquois had descended the St. Lawrence and taken up their station on the south

side of Lake St. Louis, opposite Lachine. About midnight, amid the darkness and the noise of the elements, they crossed the lake, and, landing, posted themselves in small bands close to the dwellings of the slumbering inhabitants. An hour or so before daybreak, a war-whoop, the pre-concerted signal, was raised. Instantly a thousand savage throats gave forth the dismal howl; and then began the work of slaughter that made 'the massacre of Lachine' a name of terror for generations."

The number of the slain is variously estimated at from twenty-four to two hundred. As the savages retreated, they gave forth a series of hideous yelps, indicating that they were taking with them as many prisoners. When they reached the further shore, then began the torture of the unfortunate victims, whose death scene was illumined by the flames of their burning homes, fifty-six of which, representing years of heavy toil, were burnt to the ground.

The same author continues: "On the 13th of November a bloody raid was made on the settlement at La Chesnaye, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles below Montreal; all the houses were burnt, and the majority of the inhabitants either killed or

captured. The total number of persons killed elsewhere than at Lachine is estimated by Judge Girouard, who has endeavored to trace the names in the parish registers, at forty-two, making, with the twenty-four killed at Lachine, a total of sixty-six. As regards the number of captives, the same authority, whose careful methods inspire much confidence, accepts the statement of Belmont, who places it at ninety."

This was but the culmination of the carnival of blood that had raged for eighty years. The same blood that drenched the narrow lanes of Lachine and La Chesnaye flows in the veins of our fellow-citizens of to-day. The same names that appear in the long death-roll of the martyrs of the seventeenth century are borne by many of the leading families of Quebec to-day. The hardihood that upheld the sturdy pioneers against famine, pestilence and the murderous assaults of the savages, stimulates the Lower Canadians of to-day. Who of our countrymen can boast a nobler ancestry? A land purchased by such a sacrifice should hold in sacred reverence the memory of those whose ashes were strewn upon the altar of the infant colony.

## L'ILE SAINTE CROIX.

The first French Settlement in America was made here in 1604.

With tangled brushwood overgrown,
  And here and there a lofty pine
  Around whose form strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild sea's moan,

And little bays where no ships come,
  Though many a white sail passes by,
  And many a drifting cloud on high
Looks down and shames the sleeping foam,

Unconscious on the wave it lies,
  While midst the golden reeds and sedge
  That, southward, line the water's edge,
The thrush sings her shrill melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen
  Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,
  Though many a summer traveller gropes
For ruins midst the tangled green,

And seeks upon the northern shore
  The graves of that adventurous band
  That followed to the Acadian land
Champlain, de Monts and Poutrincourt.

## THE MARTYRS OF NEW FRANCE

There stood the ancient fort that sent
  Fierce cannon echoes through the wold,
  There waved the Bourbon flag that told
The mastery of a continent;

There through the pines the echoing wail
  Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,
  And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests
  And noble-born and sons of toil
  Together worked the barren soil,
And shared each other's frugal feasts.

And dreamed beneath the yellow moon
  Of golden reapings that should be,
  Conjuring from the sailless sea
A glad, prophetic harvest-tune,

Till stealthy winter through the reeds
  Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,
  And to the little hamlet bore
His hidden freight of deathly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves
  The welcome sail of Pontgravé,
  But half the number silent lay,
Death's pale first-fruits, in western graves.

## THE MARTYRS OF NEW FRANCE

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain
  For all the gallant sons of France,
  Whose songs and sufferings enhance
The witchery of the western main;

Keep kindly watch before the strand
  Where lie in hidden mounds, secure,
  The men de Monts and Poutrincourt
First led to the Acadian land.

*—Arthur Wentworth Eaton.*

## CHAPTER II.

### ANNE DE NOUË.

FATHER DE NOUË was born of noble parents at Champagne in 1583. He belonged to that sterling type of man who seek neither advancement nor popular applause, and he was moved in all his actions by a deep sense of duty. No matter how humble the task assigned him, he approached it with a never-failing determination to do it well and faithfully. He came to Canada in 1625, and, owing to his inability to master the Indian languages, his work was confined to the settlements in and about the forts. Although generally engaged in the work of a priest, especially among the sick and dying, he did not deem it beneath his holy office to lend a helping hand, when necessary, in such menial services as might under stress of circumstances from time to time be required of him.

A fort had been built at the mouth of the Richelieu River, as a check upon the Iroquois, who followed its course when making their expeditions against the tribes north of the St. Lawrence. A small garrison was stationed there, and on the 30th of January, 1646, accompanied by two soldiers and a Huron Indian, Father Nouë was commissioned to re-

pair from Three Rivers to the fort to minister to the spiritual wants of its inmates. They had travelled some eighteen miles through the deep snow, and when still several miles from their destination were overtaken by night. They camped in the forest with no other protection than what was afforded by the sheltering trees and the fire they had kindled.

In the early morning the kind-hearted priest decided to proceed alone to the fort and return after daybreak with help to assist his companions to haul the sledge laden with supplies for the garrison. The sky was clear, and as de Nouë did not doubt his ability to complete the trip in a few hours, he left his blanket and flint and steel behind. He had not proceeded far, however, when a blinding snowstorm overtook him. He lost his way and wandered helplessly all day long, frequently crossing and recrossing his own footprints. Night came on again, and, tired, cold and hungry, he dug a hole in the snow on the shore of an island in Lake St. Peter, whither he had wandered in his fruitless attempts to locate the fort. His companions anxiously awaited his return, and, as he did not appear within the appointed time, they also endeavored to reach the fort by following his footprints. The snow was falling fast and soon covered the

trail. All day long they sought in vain for the fort and the missing Father, and at night encamped on the shore of the same island, not far from the object of their search. Here the soldiers remained, while the Indian, trusting to his native instinct, set out alone and succeeded in reaching the fort, where, to his astonishment, he learned they had no tidings of the lost priest.

Search parties started in all directions on the following morning. The two soldiers were found and brought to the fort, but all efforts to find the missionary proved in vain, and for another night the search was abandoned. The next day two Indians, who were wintering at the fort, set out in company with a soldier, and discovered slight traces of the footprints of the unfortunate man. They were enabled to trace him through all his wanderings, and at a point twelve miles beyond the fort they found his frozen form. Despairing of discovering the lost trail, he had scooped out a hole in the snow, and there he had knelt in earnest supplication, for the whitened face was turned towards the heavens and the stiffened hands were clasped across his breast. In this position, while bent upon his pious errand, died the first martyr to Canadian missions.

## CHAPTER III.

### ISAAC JOGUES.

ISAAC JOGUES was born at Orleans in 1607. He was not the sort of man one would select for the perilous work among the savages. He was intensely religious, but modest and retiring; well educated, and gave great promise of literary fame. Though slender in frame he possessed great endurance, and was not wont to abandon any enterprise in which he became engaged. In 1636 he was despatched to the Huron mission, and after a long and tedious journey he reached Ihonatiria, which was about five miles from the site of the present town of Penetanguishene. Two brother priests, Chatelain and Garnier, accompanied him. Shortly after their arrival they each in turn fell ill of a fever, from which they no sooner had recovered than a terrible pestilence of smallpox raged through the mission. The priests did everything in their power to stay the awful scourge, but the manner of life of the Indians rendered their efforts almost fruitless, and hundreds died of the plague.

The Indians, failing to find any other cause

for this devastating visitation, attributed it to the sorceries of the "blackrobes," as the Jesuits were styled. Then began a series of persecutions during which the lives of the missionaries were constantly in peril.

In the late autumn of 1639, Jogues and Garnier were assigned to the mission of the Tobacco nation, whose territory bordered upon the southern shore of Nottawasaga Bay. Being unable to secure a guide, they set out alone for this new field of labor, and after much difficulty reached the first Tobacco town. But their reputation had preceded them, and on arriving they were accorded a cold reception. The children ran from them in terror, and the squaws called upon the young men to rid them of the priests. Nothing daunted, the devoted missionaries resolved to remain, though during their stay they had many narrow escapes from the tomahawk.

In the autumn of 1641 we find them preaching among the Ojibwas as far west as Sault Ste. Marie. In the following summer Father Jogues was returning from a trip to Quebec and Three Rivers, whither he had gone to procure supplies. There were twelve canoes in the party, and as they threaded their way through the islands of Lake St. Peter, they were beset by a hostile band of Iroquois.

Three of the Hurons were killed. Jogues was accompanied by two laymen, Goupil and Couture, who had volunteered for the mission service. Goupil was captured, and Jogues, who might have escaped, surrendered himself to the Iroquois rather than desert his friend in his extremity. Couture, seeing their plight, was returning to his companions when four of the Indians rushed towards him, and one of their number, pointing his gun at his breast, endeavored to shoot him, but the gun missed fire, whereupon Couture shot his assailant dead. Like savage beasts the Indians leaped upon him, tore away his clothes, pulled out his nails, mutilated his fingers with their teeth, and pierced his hand with a sword. Jogues rushed to his rescue, but was beaten senseless and mutilated in a similar manner. Goupil was then subjected to like treatment.

The Iroquois then set out for their own territory with the three white prisoners and nineteen captured Hurons. The captives suffered intense agony from their undressed wounds, and to add to their discomfort the flies and mosquitoes swarmed about them in myriads. After journeying for a week, the Iroquois met another war party of their friends, about two hundred in number, to whom they proudly displayed their captives. For their mutual

edification, they then compelled the latter to "run the gauntlet." A jagged course was laid out leading up the steep side of a rocky hill. The ferocious Indians arranged themselves on either side, armed with knives, clubs and thorny sticks, and between the ranks the prisoners were compelled to march while their tormentors with fierce thrusts and blows checked their progress at every step. Jogues was placed at the end of the line, and was so unmercifully gashed and beaten that, overcome with exhaustion and pain, he fell limp and helpless at the feet of his persecutors. With fiendish glee they gathered about the bleeding form of the prostrate priest, mangled his already crippled hands, and applied coals of fire to his bruised skin. During the night that followed, the distressed trio were allowed no peace, as the younger warriors vied with one another in tearing afresh the healing wounds and plucking out their hair and beards.

After five days more of hunger and suffering, the party reached their destination on the banks of the Mohawk River, where the prisoners were forced to undergo tortures to which what they had already endured was a mere prelude. The town was situated on a hill, and in order to reach it the prisoners were again forced to march through a double line of sav-

ages. As Jogues was regarded as the chief prisoner, he was again placed at the end of the line. As he passed along the ranks, they closed in upon him and rained such a shower of blows upon his defenceless head and body that he again fell almost lifeless before he gained the summit. Realizing that he would be trampled and beaten to death unless he kept up with his companions, he mustered all his strength, staggered to his feet, and finally reached the town.

For three successive days they suffered all the tortures that human ingenuity could devise. During the day they were placed upon a raised platform in the broiling sun, where they were beaten and mutilated amid the jeers and shouts of the delighted savages. Jogues had his left thumb cut off, and in order to render the amputation as painful as possible, the ragged edge of a clam shell was used for the purpose. When the torture of the day had ended they were removed to one of the Indian houses to pass the night. Their wrists and ankles were tied to stakes driven into the ground, and burning coals and hot ashes were placed upon their naked bodies. The denizens of the town having glutted their thirst for revenge, they were then taken to a neighboring town, and again to a third, in each of

which they underwent the same cruel treatment. It seems incredible that any human being could survive such torture; but marvellous indeed was the endurance of these martyrs of the early missions. Even in the extremity of their sufferings, the one thought uppermost in their minds was the conversion of the heathen.

It is related of Jogues that, while in the midst of the agony of these terrible days, four fresh Huron prisoners were brought in and placed upon the scaffold beside him, and that he immediately availed himself of the opportunity to direct them to Him who was crucified for them. They yielded to his solicitations and embraced Christianity, and with a few drops of dew, gathered from the husks of a raw ear of corn thrown to him for food, he baptized two of them, and the same sacrament was administered to the other two while crossing a brook on their way to one of the neighboring towns.

It was a custom among the Indians to adopt into their tribe such prisoners as they conceived were worthy of that honor. Couture was fortunate enough to be selected for the distinction, and was accordingly exempt from any further punishment.

The Iroquois were especially superstitious

in regard to any ceremony that savored of witchcraft; in fact, there was a tradition among them that the union of the five nations of which they were composed was effected as a protest against the practice of sorcery. It is true that they still placed considerable confidence in their own medicine-men, who, notwithstanding their palpable frauds, maintained their influence among them. The medicine-men viewed with jealous eyes the possible influence of the missionaries, whose ascendancy meant their downfall. They, therefore, were not slow to point out to their followers that Jogues and Goupil, when the former was baptizing the dying and the latter was teaching the children to make the sign of the cross, were invoking the aid of the evil spirits. A strong feeling was aroused against the two Frenchmen, with the result that Goupil was foully murdered with a hatchet, and Jogues narrowly escaped a similar fate. This occurred in the month of October following their capture, and from that time the life of the faithful missionary was in constant danger. Although a prisoner, he never forgot his holy calling, and continued to baptize the children and to exhort the Indians to abandon their heathen rites.

In the month of July, about a year after the

fateful day when he fell into their hands, Jogues was permitted to accompany a party of braves to a point on the Hudson River, where there was a Dutch settlement composed of a score or more of rudely constructed houses. This was then known as Fort Orange, and was on the site of the present city of Albany. After considerable persuasion, and doubtful as to whether he should abandon his work among the Indians and subject his rescuers to their enmity, he was prevailed upon to effect his escape to a small Dutch trading-vessel then anchored in the river. For two days he remained concealed in the stifling hold of the vessel, while the infuriated Indians, exasperated at his escape, searched in vain every nook and cranny of the settlement. The officers of the boat became alarmed at the threatening attitude of the Indians, and, for their own safety, conducted him at night to the settlement, where he was for six weeks secreted in the garret of a Dutch trader. The wrath of the Indians was finally appeased by a ransom contributed by his friends in the settlement.

Jogues was sent to Manhattan, now the city of New York, which was at that time a straggling town, containing about five hundred dwellings. He secured a passage to Fal-

mouth, England. While endeavoring to effect his escape from the Indians at Fort Orange he had been severely bitten by a savage dog, and he still suffered from the wounds. His passage across the ocean had been a rough one, and he was obliged to sleep on a coil of rope on the unprotected deck, and while lying at Falmouth he had been roughly handled by a gang of desperadoes who, during the absence of the crew carousing on shore, had boarded the ship, threatened his life and robbed him of his coat and hat. He then proceeded to the coast of Brittany, where he landed not far from the city of Brest on Christmas Day, 1643. He found his way to the humble cottage of a peasant, the inmates of which were moved to tears by his pitiable plight.

Here the valiant missionary found friends who provided him with means to reach the Jesuit college at Rennes. He presented himself at the door, and requested the porter to announce to the rector that a traveller had arrived with news from Canada. The Jesuits at the college were deeply interested in the welfare of their Transatlantic brethren, and eagerly perused the *Relations* which were annually compiled to furnish to the public a faithful account of the movements of the mis-

sionaries in America. From this source the rector had already gathered some information regarding his old friend, Father Jogues. The weather-stained visitor was admitted but not recognized, and the rector immediately questioned him as to the fate of Isaac Jogues. " He is alive and at liberty, and I am he " fell upon the ears of the startled rector. The brethren were summoned and in turn embraced the weary pilgrim, who, overjoyed at the happy reunion with his old associates, spent many hours in unfolding to them his own recent experiences and the progress that was being made in the Canadian missions.

The story of his sufferings soon spread throughout France. His mutilated hands and scarred body bore testimony to his painful persecution, but he now realized for the first time, with an anguish even greater than the bodily tortures he had endured, that he was forever debarred from officiating at mass, owing to the rule of the Church that no maimed priest could perform that sacred office. It is gratifying to know that by a special dispensation this power was afterwards restored to him.

On every hand the pious Father was received with open arms. Even the Queen, Anne of Austria, summoned him to her pres-

ence and showed him the great mark of distinction of kissing his distorted hands. While the returned exile appreciated such honors, so worthily bestowed, he did not court public attention, but longed to return to the scene of his sufferings. In the early spring he sailed again for Canada, and for the next two years remained on duty at Montreal.

In 1645 a treaty of peace was made between the Iroquois and the French. This was accomplished after a grand display of oratory and the exchange of many wampum belts. But in the spring of the following year the Iroquois showed signs of restlessness, and Jogues was chosen, as the best qualified person, to endeavor to restore the good feeling that had for some time prevailed. It was also proposed to establish a permanent mission among them, which was to receive the ominous appellation, "The Mission of the Martyrs." This was the first time in the history of the country that a Jesuit priest figured in the role of a diplomat at the request of the governing powers.

As Father Jogues recalled his former bitter experiences he shuddered at the prospect of their possible repetition; but he shrank not from the task assigned him, although he felt that he was going to his death, and so ex-

pressed himself before leaving Montreal. He left in May, and proceeded to the first of the Mohawk towns, where a council of the chiefs was assembled. He addressed them upon the subject of the peace treaty, and in accordance with their own custom delivered several wampum belts. The Indian orators went through the same ceremony, and the prospect of maintaining the peace seemed propitious until the Algonquin chiefs who had accompanied him delivered their harangues. Jogues could read in the faces of the listening savages that there was still a lingering hatred of their old enemies. After remaining for a time, visiting the sick and ministering to such as had already professed the Christian faith, he returned to Montreal upon the advice of some friendly chiefs.

In the early autumn the intrepid priest again left Montreal to resume his mission work. In the meantime, there had been a decided change in the attitude of the Mohawks, due almost entirely to the superstitious belief that a small case of simple necessaries which Jogues had left with them for safe-keeping upon his visit in May, contained some charms calculated to bring famine and pestilence upon their nation. His party, consisting of himself, a Frenchman named Lalande, and a few Hurons, encoun-

tered a band of Mohawk warriors in the forest near Lake George. The savages, whose pent-up wrath could no longer be restrained, set upon the defenceless missionary and his companions, stripped them of their clothing and led them as prisoners to the nearest town. Jogues assured them that he came on a mission of peace, but their fury was so impetuous that nothing would appease them. He was again beaten, cut and bruised, and in the evening, as he stooped to enter a lodge to which he had been invited to join in a feast, an Indian, concealed in the doorway, buried a hatchet in his brain. His companion, Lalande, met a similar fate on the following morning. "Thus," writes Parkman, "died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this western continent has seen."

We to-day point with pride, and justly so, to the missionary effort that is being put forward to christianize the world, but the trials of the modern missionary are as naught compared with those of the early Christian fathers, who unhesitatingly laid down their lives in their efforts to plant the cross in America.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ANTOINE DANIEL.

WHEN Champlain returned to Canada in 1633 he brought with him four Jesuit priests, one of whom was Father Antoine Daniel. It fell to the lot of three of their number, Fathers Brébeuf, Daniel and Davost, to reorganize upon a firm basis the neglected Huron mission.

The Hurons were a powerful nation occupying the section of country bounded on three sides, respectively, by the waters of the Georgian Bay, the Severn River and Lake Simcoe. The total population at this time was estimated at twenty thousand souls, divided among thirty villages, each covering a space of from one to ten acres. Their dwellings resembled in shape the portable covering of a modern gipsy wagon. They were formed of two rows of saplings, fixed in the ground about thirty feet apart, with their upper ends bent until they met in the centre. They varied in length from thirty to two hundred feet or more, according to the purpose for which they were designed, and were covered with large sheets of bark. They were heated by means of a row of

fires upon the ground, and the smoke escaped, if at all, through an opening in the roof. Ranged on either side from end to end were platforms, raised a few feet from the ground. Upon these the inmates lounged and slept in the summer-time. In the winter season they rolled themselves in skins and blankets, and slept upon the ground about the fire, two families being closely huddled together about each fire. Their fuel was stowed underneath the platforms, and their weapons, clothing and provisions were suspended from the poles supporting the sides and roof of the dwelling. At either end were left openings for doors, over which hung mats or skins. The means of ventilation was so imperfect that the atmosphere was stifling, and the smoke of the fires was so dense that, especially among the aged, blindness was quite common. They slept in their ordinary clothing, and were otherwise so slovenly and filthy in their habits that their dwellings were infested with vermin. To these the Indians paid little attention, but they were a great annoyance to the white men. There was no pretence of observing the simplest rules of sanitation, and, as a consequence, scarcely a year passed without smallpox or some other infectious disease levying a heavy toll upon them.

Most of their villages were surrounded by trenches and palisades, which served to check in a measure the advance of an enemy. They cultivated the soil with their primitive implements and raised a supply of corn, beans, pumpkins and sunflower seeds, which they stored up against a day of want, thereby showing themselves far more provident than some of their roving neighbors, who gorged themselves when game was plentiful and died of starvation when it was scarce. They also raised quantities of hemp, from the fibre of which they made their mats and fishing nets.

There was a deadly enmity, as we have seen, between the Hurons and the Iroquois, the latter of whom occupied that part of the centre of the State of New York extending from the Hudson River westward to the Genesee. A band of warriors would lie in ambush for a hunting party of the other nation, kill and capture them, or creep silently into the enemy's camp at dead of night, bury the tomahawk in the sleeping victim's brain and steal away in the darkness. All prisoners captured would, without exception, be subjected to prolonged and excruciating tortures, amid the rejoicing of their captors, and not infrequently the bodies were afterwards devoured at a feast.

Such in brief were some of the leading char-

acteristics of the savages to whom the three Jesuit Fathers were to be sent.

The Hurons visited Quebec once a year to barter their furs and tobacco for kettles, hatchets, knives, beads and other commodities. They followed the shore of Georgian Bay to the mouth of the French River, thence by way of that river to Lake Nipissing, across the lake and down the Ottawa River, passing in their course Allumette Island, the home of the Algonquins.

By this route had come a flotilla of one hundred and forty canoes, manned by six or seven hundred braves, and with them the priests expected to return. In this they were disappointed, as the Indians declined to receive them, and their departure was accordingly postponed for a year, when the Hurons would come again to barter and dispose of their cargoes. They improved the interval in learning the native language.

The following year the Hurons came again, showing in their grim visages the traces of adversity. The furious Iroquois had waged a devastating war against them, and, to complete their misery, a terrible pestilence had visited the nation. They were in a sullen mood, and again refused to allow the priests to return with them. Finally, a few of their

number, after much persuasion and many presents, were induced to conduct them to the mission. The journey at its best was a long and tedious one. All day long the missionaries plied the paddle, vainly endeavoring to imitate the easy stroke of their dusky companions, or wading knee-deep, tugging at the bow as they dragged the canoes through the foaming rapids. The dull monotony of this tiresome exercise was broken only by the more laborious task of transporting the baggage over the rough portages. Tired, famished (for their only food was crushed corn sparingly doled out), and plagued with mosquitoes and flies, insulted, robbed, and at times deserted by their guides, they finally reached their destination. With the aid of the Indians they built for themselves a house, one compartment of which was fitted up as a chapel. Despite the opposition of the sorcerers, who were ever ready to attribute every calamity, including a severe drought which all but ruined their crops, to the machinations of the missionaries, the zealous priests, by their uprightness and uniform kindness, firmly established themselves in the good graces of the Hurons. One of the greatest difficulties they encountered was the Indian tongue. It was no easy task to translate portions of the

creed, the commandments and the prayers into a language containing no corresponding words. They instructed the children, nursed the sick, and lost no opportunity to assist and relieve the depressed natives, who lived in constant fear of another attack from the dreaded Iroquois. Four French soldiers, who had accompanied the priests, superintended the repair and rebuilding of the dilapidated fortifications. At the end of the first year, although no adults except the dying had been baptized, the Jesuits were well pleased with the progress they had made.

Father Daniel appears to have been eminently successful with the children, and in 1636 we find him instrumental in establishing a seminary for boys at Quebec. The boys at first chafed under the restraint and sought every opportunity to escape from their confinement. The work, however, progressed so favorably that in 1637 a special building was erected for their accommodation, and it was not long before good results followed from this enterprise. The boys were brought more closely in touch with civilization, and their presence in Quebec was a guarantee for the good behavior of their elders in the Huron country, where Father Daniel spent most of

his time laboring in the cause that was so near to his heart.

The ancient feud between the Iroquois and Hurons continued with unabated fury. The Five Nations were bent upon the extermination of their old enemies, and were rapidly accomplishing their fell purpose. The success of the victors was due not so much to their superiority in numbers as to their natural pride and bravery, their love of conquest, and their better organization and equipment. Being in closer intercourse with the more populous white settlements across the border, they were better armed than their opponents, and, when evenly matched in numbers, they almost invariably were victorious. An occasional band of Iroquois would fall into the hands of the Hurons, and for a time the drooping spirits of the tribe would rise as their warriors returned with the prisoners. Then would follow one of those indescribable orgies which the priests were powerless to restrain.

The mission gradually increased in importance and influence for good. The central station was at Sainte Marie, not far from where the town of Midland now stands. As years rolled on, a considerable number of converts were received into the Church, and more priests were sent to carry on and extend the

work. Outposts were established in the neighboring towns, and one or more priests were appointed over each. One of the most important of these was St. Joseph, a few miles west of the present town of Orillia. Father Daniel was placed in charge of this post in 1644. Here he labored for four years, with more than ordinary success. A substantial church was erected, and the heart of the pious Father was gladdened by the ever-increasing number of converts.

All went well until the summer of 1648, when the Hurons mustered sufficient courage to venture forth upon another expedition to the St. Lawrence. Two hundred and fifty braves halted on their way at Three Rivers to besmear themselves with paint and grease, made from the seed of sunflowers, in order to be presentable to the French traders, to whom they were taking their cargoes of furs and tobacco. As they were completing this preparation and were about to proceed upon their way, a band of Iroquois who had been lurking in ambush rushed upon them, but the Hurons successfully repelled the attack and slew or captured nearly all of the attacking force. They disposed of their cargoes and were returning triumphantly to their homes with many scalps dangling from their belts, driving

their doomed prisoners before them. As they approached St. Joseph, glorying in their victory and exulting over the prospect of torturing their captives, they learned, alas! that their victory had been more than requited during their absence.

On the morning of the 4th of July, Father Daniel had summoned his faithful flock to worship, and while he was engaged at the altar and the crowded congregation were still upon their knees, the dreaded cry of "The Iroquois!" startled the unprotected town. Before the inmates were conscious of their peril, the bloodthirsty enemy had gained an entrance through the palisades and were butchering the panic-stricken Hurons, who fled in all directions, pursued by the murderous demons. The devoted priest exhorted his followers to fly, and a number escaped through an opening in the palisade at the other end of the village, but he made no effort to save himself. Some secured their weapons and endeavored to defend themselves, but they were quickly overpowered and beaten down by the infuriated assailants.

Father Daniel, still arrayed in his priestly vestments, ran hither and thither, unmindful of his own danger, baptizing and consoling the dying and repeatedly exclaiming, "Brothers,

to-day we shall be in heaven!" Returning to the church, he found it crowded with helpless women and children and the aged, who had sought protection within its walls. He proceeded to baptize all within his reach, and then urged them to flee. Soon the hellish mob was upon him, and though he knew that his hour had come, yet he exhibited no fear of death, regretting only that so many souls were perishing about him and he powerless to rescue them from their fate. He stepped to the door of his church, with the evident intention that the sacrilege he felt was imminent should not be committed within its sacred walls, and calmly faced his persecutors. For a moment they were startled by the apparition, but for a moment only; then levelling their weapons at the unmoved figure, a shower of arrows rent his garments and tore his flesh, and as a bullet pierced his heart, he fell forward upon his face with the name of Jesus upon his dying lips. From what we know of this godly man, doubtless while in the agony of death his last prayer was, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

The simple taking of life never seemed to satisfy the Indians. This was almost invariably followed by some gruesome scene, in which indignity was done the dead body.

Frequently, as before stated, it was roasted and devoured, or the vitals were removed and the heart alone eaten. In this instance they contented themselves with stripping the body naked, gashing it in many places, and as they hovered over the mutilated form of their insensible victim they bathed their faces in his blood. A torch was applied to the church, which was soon enveloped in flames, and into the burning building they flung the body of the devoted priest, whose ashes were thus mingled with those of the edifice in which he had labored so long and patiently.

## CHAPTER V.

### JEAN DE BREBEUF.

OF all the Jesuit martyrs, none stands out in so bold relief as the courageous Jean de Brébeuf. He has been fittingly styled the Ajax of the Huron mission. He was physically a powerful man, capable of enduring great hardships, and was possessed of a strong, determined and pious mind, built upon the same masterly lines as his body.

In narrating the experiences of Father Daniel and his companions, we have already referred to their trying experiences in journeying to the land of the Hurons. Owing to his keener appreciation of the Indian nature and a more extensive knowledge of their language than his companions, de Brébeuf was more fortunate than they upon this tedious voyage, yet even with these advantages it was thirty days before he landed on the shores of Thunder Bay, at which point his guides deserted him. He had formerly spent three years, from 1626 to 1629, in preaching and baptizing at the town of Toanché, a short distance from where he now stood alone, with

his baggage strewn about him, and to his utter amazement he discovered that the town was deserted. He afterwards learned that at this point Etienne Brulé had recently been murdered, and the inhabitants, dreading the consequences of their act, had abandoned the town. He found his way to the town of Ihonatiria, where he was kindly received. Here he awaited the arrival of his less fortunate brethren, who several weeks later rejoined him, and they immediately laid their plans for the reorganization of the mission.

While the Indians were not hostile to the newcomers, they were not disposed to accept their doctrines, which were at variance with so many of their deeply rooted customs. Of these customs, de Brébeuf, in his "Relation des Hurons," has furnished us with more valuable information than any other writer. It may not be uninteresting to touch upon a few. The Indians believed in a resurrection, but it was at the hands of a human agency. Every ten or twenty years the whole nation assembled to join with great solemnity in what was styled the Feast of the Dead. The remains of all their kindred who had died in the interval since the last feast were brought from their resting-places with great tenderness, as they were believed to be still the abodes of the soul,

which fact accounts for the profound respect they always showed their dead. These cherished mementos of the departed were carefully carried to one of the largest houses in the village and suspended from the roof. The mourners seated themselves upon the ground to feast, while the chief delivered an impressive funeral oration. In each village of the tribe this ceremony was simultaneously observed. After the chief had extolled the virtues of the dead and exhorted the living to emulate their prowess, the dead bodies were packed upon the shoulders of the relatives, and from each village a procession was formed and the throng with their ghastly relics, some wrapped in furs, and in various stages of decomposition, set out for Ossossané, the chief town, where the final rite was to be performed. This journey sometimes occupied several days, and upon the way they soothed the spirits of their departed relatives by a weird, monotonous chant. The town would be crowded with thousands of mourners and invited guests, who amused themselves with games and contests until the last procession had arrived. They then repaired to a clearing in the forest prepared for the purpose. In the centre a huge grave, ten feet deep and thirty feet wide, had been dug, and around this was erected a

high scaffolding, supporting a forest of poles, from which again were suspended the remains of the dead along with the funeral gifts, varying in value and character from a few worthless trinkets to a bundle of rich furs.

The chief orators again harangued the huge assembly, while others prepared the grave for the reception of the remains and the gifts that were to be interred with them. The sides were lined with rich furs, and in the centre were placed huge kettles, sometimes to the number of a score or more. At a given signal the poles were relieved of their burdens, which were cast into the pit and arranged with some semblance of order amidst the unearthly wails of the thousands of spectators. As many as a thousand corpses, or what was left of them, have been interred in this manner at one time, and the ceremony would often be prolonged far into the night and even on into the following day. The grave was then covered, and from that moment the spirit entered upon a career of immortality as it journeyed towards the happy hunting-ground. They had many vague and curious conceptions of this haven of rest and the difficulties encountered on the way thereto.

Nearly every important event among the Hurons, in fact among all the Indian tribes,

was preceded or followed by a feast. As the host would expend all his worldly possessions in giving an entertainment of this character, it was considered a great event in his life, and no keener affront could be given him than to decline his invitation. The guests assembled at the appointed hour, each bringing his own bowl and spoon. They squatted about the fires and watched the preparations, singing all the while their monotonous chants. The host then explained the contents of the various kettles, and as he did so the guests were expected to express their admiration of the sumptuous menu by a simultaneous grunt after each announcement. The squaws then ladled out the contents and the gorging began. As many of the tid-bits of the Indians were not very agreeable to the white man's palate, it may readily be conceived that the guest of honor often found himself in a very awkward predicament. Among other superstitions, the Indians believed that the evil spirits would be offended if a guest failed to consume the portion meted out to him. In this simple manner the missionary might unwittingly call down upon himself the wrath of a powerful chief, because his stomach rebelled against an unsavory dish.

The Indian believed that a spirit resided in

all things animate and inanimate. He was always ready to attribute his good or evil fortune to the influence of these spirits; hence his great desire to propitiate them. The medicine-men and sorcerers wielded a great influence because of their supposed power to avert disaster. It was to their interest to disseminate the belief that they could control the destinies of their dupes, and if they failed it was an easy matter to attribute the failure to some evil spirit taking umbrage at an act, or even the presence, of the missionary. This was a constant source of trouble to Father de Brébeuf and his co-workers, who were frequently powerless to convince the Indians of their innocence in the face of the most absurd suspicions.

Nearly all of the superstitions to which the Indians so tenaciously clung were at variance with the principles upon which the Christian religion is founded, so that the missionaries had to uproot these false doctrines before the ground was ready for the seeds of Christianity. The Indians rarely reasoned from cause to effect, unless a physical demonstration pointing to the desired conclusion was forthcoming. It was an easy matter, therefore, to impose upon their credulity, and the French often turned their superstitious beliefs to good

account. One simple illustration will suffice. Shortly after his arrival among the Hurons, Father de Brébeuf unpacked his personal effects before the astonished natives. Their admiration knew no bounds as they beheld the wonderful performance of a clock. Of course, to them it was alive and spoke in an unknown tongue. The home of the priests was overrun by visitors who came to gaze upon the mysterious " Captain," as they designated the clock. They wished to be instructed in what he said, and as the priests desired to be left by themselves at four o'clock, it was accordingly represented to the visitors that when he struck four he said, " Get up and go home." The Indians, not wishing to offend so great a spirit, upon the stroke of four arose and departed, thus leaving their hosts free to pursue their labors.

The Indian being a child by nature, and more easily moved by outward signs than by abstract reasoning, the religion of the Jesuits appealed to his fancy, where the cold and unattractive form of Puritan worship could have had little effect. As the converts were abjured to abstain from many of their pagan rites, and as by so doing they subjected themselves to the scoffs and jeers of their comrades, it required a marked degree of courage on

behalf of the savages to cast in their lot with the Christians. They were mystified by the sacerdotal rites, and the priests realized that it was a difficult task to teach them to approach the subject of religion with becoming reverence. In the face of all these obstacles, the Fathers entered upon their work with the confident hope that the natives could in time be redeemed.

In 1637, with imposing ceremony, the Jesuits baptized their first adult, in the full vigor of his manhood. Up to that time none but children and the dying had received the sacrament. All augured well for the success of the mission. But there were influences at work which threatened to defeat their efforts. A great pestilence was raging through all the towns. The priests went from house to house baptizing the dying, particularly the children, and where they were denied admission they would find some pretext to effect an entrance and secretly perform the ceremony unknown to those present. Their zeal in this direction was carried to such an extent that they left themselves open to the charge of regarding an approaching death not as a calamity to the dying savage, but as a favorable means of saving his soul. They were constantly hovering over the dying, so that the Indians in their

simplicity associated the plague with the priests and attributed its fury to their evil practices. At first there were low murmurings, followed by specific charges which culminated in open threats of violence. During this period the Iroquois took advantage of the weakened condition of their hereditary enemies and infested the neighborhood, waylaying small parties in the fields and forest.

In August a grand council was summoned, at which the seriousness of the situation was gravely discussed, and the Jesuit Fathers were held accountable for all their troubles. For a time the lives of the missionaries were in jeopardy. Father de Brébeuf met all their arguments, but the Indians were not open to conviction; his intrepidity, however, so moved the chiefs that the sentence of death was postponed. Taking advantage of this circumstance he adopted a wise expedient, but not until he had penned a farewell letter to the Superior at Quebec, preparing him for news of the death of himself and his companions. It was not an unusual occurrence among the Indians for a doomed member of the tribe to give a farewell feast when he realized that his end was approaching, and they scorned the cowardice of the white man who recoiled from such a fate. De Brébeuf decided to give a

farewell feast according to the Indian custom, and in this way demonstrate to them that he was as fearless of death as they. By this strategy he saved the mission and the lives of those in charge of it. It was many months, however, before the feeling of mistrust died away and the full confidence of the natives was regained. During this time successive attempts were made upon their lives, and they had many narrow escapes from assassination.

We have seen in the story of Father Daniel how the mission thrived and prospered. But for the raids of the Iroquois, whose vengeance could be satisfied only with the complete extermination of the Hurons, a flourishing colony would have been founded on the shores of Georgian Bay. In 1649 there were no less than eighteen priests in the Huron country and its neighborhood. There were attached to the mission, also, many other white men imbued with the spirit of the priests. These men instructed the natives in agriculture, in the building of their houses and in the erection of their fortifications. They were not prohibited from engaging in trade, and to a certain extent some of them did take part in it, but their dealings were fair and honest, and, if the inroads of the Iroquois could have been checked, the civilization of this celebrated nation would

in all probability have become an established fact. The destruction of St. Joseph and the murder of Father Daniel, however, spread consternation throughout the entire mission. The Iroquois followed up the catastrophe of St. Joseph with the burning of the neighboring town of Teanaustayè, when, to the great relief of the panic-stricken Hurons, they returned to their own country. A few months later they mustered a thousand warriors and again set out on the war-path, prepared to strike a final blow. They leisurely spent the winter on the way, and in the month of March, 1649, they entered the territory of their intended victims. In vain the Jesuits counselled the Hurons to prepare for the struggle. Had they acted upon this advice they might have successfully resisted the invaders and saved their nation from extinction. But they absolutely refused.

On the morning of the 16th of March the enemy crept upon the town of St. Ignace. The town at the time was practically deserted by its fighting men, who were away hunting or in search of wandering bands of Iroquois, and none remained within its walls but about four hundred women, children and aged men, who fell an easy prey to the legions that swarmed through the unprotected palisades. They fell

upon the wretched inmates with knives and tomahawks, and, having temporarily sated their thirst for revenge, smeared their faces with the blood of their victims, and, leaving a guard in charge of those who still remained alive, proceeded to St. Louis, only a few miles distant. Here they met with a stubborn resistance, and there ensued one of the bloodiest battles in the history of these warlike tribes. The attacking party were in the end victorious, and, after a merciless slaughter upon both sides, they captured all the surviving defenders, among these being Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalemant. Their converts had entreated them to escape, but they refused to avail themselves of the means. They remained throughout in the thick of the fight, cheering on the living and baptizing and absolving the dying.

After burning the town the Iroquois set fire to the neighboring villages, stripped and bound the captive priests, and drove them with sticks and clubs back to St. Ignace. They next contemplated an attack upon Ste. Marie, the chief town of the mission, but, failing in the attempt, they contented themselves with the victories already achieved and returned to St. Ignace to wreak their vengeance upon the captive prisoners. A number they set apart as bearers of their baggage and booty, and the

rest they bound, men, women and children, to stakes driven into the ground within the houses; then, before retreating, they fired the town, leaving their victims writhing in its flames.

In the meantime there had been enacted one of the most revolting scenes recorded in the annals of history. We would be disposed to spare the reader the relation of the horrible details, but without them we cannot appreciate the iron nerve, the courageous heart and the indomitable will of this king of martyrs.

After a brief respite from the horrors of the awful massacre they had witnessed at St. Louis, de Brébeuf and Lalemant were called upon to endure tortures which none but the savage brain of an Iroquois could devise. On the afternoon of the same day, still suffering from the blows inflicted upon him while being driven as a captive to St. Ignace, de Brébeuf was led forth and bound to a stake. About him were grouped many Huron converts dreading the awful fate that awaited them upon the return of the main body of the Iroquois. To them the blood-stained priest spoke comforting words assuring them that their heavenly Father was not unmindful of His faithful children and would reward them for their patient sufferings. This so incensed his captors who were looking

forward with a joyful anticipation, which they could not conceal, to the hour when their victims would be given over to torture, that they with heated irons branded him from head to foot. Although the agony must have been intense, he calmly faced his persecutors and sternly rebuked them for chastising a follower of Almighty God. Determined to forever silence the brave missionary, they plunged a red-hot iron down his throat, and to further accomplish their diabolical end they set upon him with their knives and lacerated his face, completely severing his lower lip. Concealing the pain that must have set on end every nerve in that giant frame, he stood erect and looked defiantly at his tormentors; then turning his face towards the heavens, in earnest supplication, he silently prayed for strength to bear the cross that was pressing so heavily upon him. The Indians, finding that the means adopted by them were ineffectual to wring from him any sign of pain or anger, resorted to another expedient. Lalemant was led out, strips of bark smeared with pitch were tied about his naked body, and as he looked upon the disfigured face and scorched body of his beloved chief he cried out in the agony of his soul in the words of St. Paul, " We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men."

Overcome with emotion, he then fell upon the ground and embraced the feet of the still unmoved de Brébeuf. The Indians roughly dragged Lalemant away, bound him to a stake in full view of his suffering companion, and applied a torch to the bark. They had rightly conjectured that Lalemant, who was physically frail and weak, would be unable to display the same fortitude as the strong and robust de Brébeuf, and as the flames enveloped his emaciated body they danced about the writhing sufferer and filled the air with their unearthly howls. They had hoped to break down the stoicism of de Brébeuf by this last exhibition of their inhuman cruelty. The shrieks and prayers of Lalemant pierced the heart of his companion, who, casting a pitying glance towards his helpless friend, struggled in vain to give utterance to words of comfort, but his seared throat and lacerated face had deprived him of the power of speech. The Iroquois were not slow to perceive his predicament, and, glorying in what they conceived to be the partial success of their hellish tactics, they quickly followed up the supposed advantage thus gained by hanging around his neck a collar of red-hot hatchets. He as quickly regained his composure, and as the seething irons burnt deep into his quivering flesh he

stood firm as a rock, and his defiant look challenged the savages to break the spirit of the Lord's anointed. A renegade Huron, who had become an Iroquois by adoption, in mocking derision of the holy sacrament of baptism, heated a kettle of water, and, slowly pouring the boiling contents upon the bared heads of the two devoted priests, cried out in barbarous blasphemy, " We baptize you that you may be happy in heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." For four hours the revolting struggle continued—hours, every moment of which brought forth some new form of unspeakable torture. On the one hand, the Indians, exasperated with their futile efforts to wring from their noble victim some signs of distress, excelled themselves in applying every conceivable form of punishment. On the other hand, the strong-minded but humble follower of Him who suffered on Calvary prayed for strength to bear up under the terrible affliction, that he might by his suffering demonstrate to these pagan tribes that the God whom he worshipped was all-powerful to support him in every extremity. That prayer was answered, and for those four long hours he maintained the same indifferent attitude towards the perplexed and wondering savages, who, enraged at his fortitude and impatient with their own

unsuccessful efforts to overcome his undisturbed resignation, leaped upon him with unrestrained fury, and their scalping knives completed the fiendish work. As the limp form of the dying priest sank towards the ground, his murderers tore open his breast, and as his blood gushed forth they caught the precious fluid in their hands and eagerly drank it, in the hope that thereby some of the noble spirit of their invincible victim might be infused into their vile bodies.

We gladly turn from the gruesome details of this bloody orgy to contemplate the beautiful character of this grand representative of the Jesuit Order. He was a man who in any sphere of life would have won distinction. His commanding form inspired respect and confidence, and his gentle disposition and pure life endeared him to his associates. Among the natives he was the ideal type of the missionary, the embodiment of physical power, unselfish devotion and a keen and sensitive appreciation of the needs of the benighted tribes whose salvation was his only care. He was respectful to his superiors and kind and considerate in his dealings with those whose duty it was to serve under him. It is rarely we find such depth of feeling and earnest devotion

in a sacred cause linked to a nature so forceful and courageous.

The unfortunate Lalemant, after the death of de Brébeuf, was conducted back to one of the Indian houses where the savages all night long vied with each other in administering new forms of torture to their distracted victim. He lingered for twelve hours after the death of de Brébeuf. The bodies of both missionaries were given to the flames that consumed Ignace upon the retreat of the victorious Iroquois. A few days later the friends of the murdered priests visited the spot, and gathered up what was left of the charred remains of their heroic brethren and bore them reverently to Ste. Marie. The skull of the saintly de Brébeuf is still preserved as a sacred relic, but more sacred still, in the hearts of the Order under whose banner he labored and died, is the imperishable glory of the Christlike death of this, the most illustrious martyr of the Society of Jesus.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ADAM DAULAC.

DURING the early years of the history of our country the French settlements were grouped about three fortified posts, those of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. Ever since Champlain had joined the Hurons in his ill-advised expedition against the Iroquois, those ferocious warriors had continued to harass the settlers, so that for the purpose of self-defence it was necessary that they should remain in close touch with each other. It was at the risk of his own life that anyone ventured beyond the reach of his neighbors, as he never knew when the dreaded enemy would be lurking in ambush to cut off his retreat. During the winter season there generally was a cessation of hostilities for a few months, as the leafless trees and bushes were not favorable for an ambush, and while the snow was upon the ground the tracks of the snowshoes disclosed the movements of the roving bands. When the summer season set in, the inhabitants of a parish never felt any security, and in order to work their

fields in safety, the whole community would march to the clearing of one settler and work together, with sentries posted to give the alarm if any Iroquois appeared, and when that work was done the entire body would move on to the next neighbor's clearing to repeat the operation.

Treaties of peace were negotiated from time to time, but the wily Indians resorted to this device, not with a view of observing the solemn compact, but solely as a means of accomplishing some other end they had in view. They were well armed and supplied with ample stores of ammunition, which they obtained from the Dutch and English settlers on the Hudson. When engaged in battle they fought with a fearless desperation, and were not wanting in tactics and strategic skill. Their one weak point was the lack of discipline and concerted action. In open battle a small band of trained soldiers could disperse an army of them; but it was not their custom to attack an enemy prepared for battle, but to take them at a disadvantge. Accustomed to life in the wilderness, they could subsist for weeks upon a scanty supply of provisions, supplemented by what the forest and stream afforded them. They would hover about a settlement, hidden in the tall grass or rushes, or concealed behind

a bush or fallen tree, and await the passing of an unsuspecting white man, who, if captured, was subjected to such tortures that death was welcomed as a relief. Women and children shared a similar fate, and it was a rare exception that a white prisoner was adopted into a tribe to replace some member who had recently met his death.

The Iroquois realized the importance of the Ottawa River as the main artery along which the furs of the western tribes reached the French traders at Montreal and Quebec, and it was not an uncommon practice for them to spend a portion of the winter hunting in the forests between the Ottawa and the Upper St. Lawrence, and when the ice broke up in the spring to congregate at Chaudière and the Long Sault and other favorable points, and waylay the passing canoes, murder the occupants, and appropriate the rich cargoes of beaver skins. Contenting themselves with scalping such small parties as fell into their hands, and with harassing the settlers, they had hesitated to attack the fortified strongholds until the spring of 1660, when, emboldened by the strength of their numbers and the supposed weakness of the French, they determined to make the attempt. Their secret was disclosed by a captured Mohegan who had been

adopted by the Iroquois. He brought word that eight hundred of the enemy were encamped below Montreal, and that they were awaiting a reinforcement of four hundred more, who were coming down the Ottawa to join them, and that the united force intended to swoop upon Quebec, murder the inhabitants, lay waste the town, and then attack Three Rivers and Montreal.

The greatest consternation followed these disclosures. So stealthily had the Iroquois advanced that this was the first intelligence the French had received of their design, although it had been known for some time that large numbers of them had wintered on the Ottawa. Preparations for defence were immediately begun, and the terror-stricken population sought refuge within the fortifications. Several days elapsed, and as no Iroquois appeared, the story of the Mohegan was discredited and the settlers began to return to their respective homes. With good cause their fears were speedily revived, for one family of seven had no sooner reached their home than they were made prisoners by a band of eight Hurons who were Iroquois by adoption. They in turn were surprised by some Frenchmen and Algonquins, and the prisoners were released, but not until the mother had received

a mortal wound, the same shot piercing the infant she carried in her arms. Three of the Hurons were drowned, and the remaining five, who were captured, confirmed the story told by the Mohegan. Back again to the fortifications rushed the settlers, and with renewed vigilance and nervous apprehension they awaited the dreaded enemy.

It was while this wild excitement prevailed at the town that Adam Daulac, a young man twenty-four years old, renewed an application he had made to the Governor before the Mohegan had made known the plans of the Iroquois, that he be permitted to lead a small force against them and give them battle. Satisfied that the Indians contemplated an attack, the Governor gave his consent. Sixteen others, the eldest of whom was thirty-one, volunteered to join the fearless Daulac in his daring enterprise. The seventeen Frenchmen were well on their way when they were overtaken by forty Hurons and four Algonquins, who after their departure had petitioned the Governor for authority to join the expedition. He gave them a letter to Daulac, to the effect that he was to use his own judgment in the matter and accept or reject their services as he should see fit. The Indians found him at the Long Sault, where he had taken possession of a rudely con-

structed and dilapidated fort, formed of the trunks of trees. Knowing that the Iroquois must pass that point, Daulac believed it would be to his advantage to fight them there. He accepted the proffered assistance of the Indians, and they bivouacked together awaiting the appearance of the enemy.

Daulac utilized his new allies as scouts to report the movements of the enemy. Several days passed in idleness which might have been more profitably employed in repairing the old fortification. Early one morning the scouts announced that two canoes were approaching. The Frenchmen, surmising that the newcomers would land at a certain point on the shore of the river, concealed a number of their band behind some bushes that grew near, and there they awaited the arrival of the Iroquois. The latter, skilfully guiding their canoes through the turbulent waters of the rapids, directed their prows towards the very spot near which the watchful Frenchmen were lying in ambush. Too eager to secure their prey, the Frenchmen fired upon the landing party without proper directions from their leader, with the result that several of the Indians were unhurt, and before the marksmen could reload they escaped into the forest and gave the alarm to their companions who were leisurely drifting down the

Ottawa, wholly unconscious that a band of the detested white men were lying in wait only a few miles distant bent upon their destruction. Enraged at this unexpected attack upon the vanguard of their party, they immediately prepared for battle and hastened towards Long Sault. The Frenchmen, in the meantime, leaving the bodies of the slain Indians where they had fallen, repaired to the bank of the river near the old fort, and set to work to prepare their breakfast on the shore. They barely had time to finish their meal when they saw a fleet of at least a hundred canoes rushing through the seething rapids, filled with angry warriors thirsting for the blood of the slayers of their friends. The undaunted Frenchmen watched them for a time, and then retired to the fort to prepare to resist the attack. In their eagerness for the approaching battle they left their kettles and dishes upon the shore, a circumstance which they later on had occasion to regret. As soon as the Iroquois landed and saw the bodies of their dead comrades strewn along the shore where they had attempted to land, they uttered their piercing war-cry and madly rushed toward the fort, clamoring for the blood of its inmates. There was no order in the advance, but, following the Indian mode of warfare, each man for himself, on they came pell-mell,

until they were met with a death-dealing volley from the guns of the Frenchmen, who, profiting by the error of the early morning, waited until the proper moment, then with a deliberate and well-directed aim discharged the contents of their weapons among the foremost of the approaching enemy. Terms of surrender were offered to Daulac, which were scornfully rejected, as he knew too well that once in the hands of the Iroquois no mercy would be shown, and, even if he could trust them, it was no part of his mission to negotiate terms of peace. He had come prepared to fight, and fight he would. The maddened Iroquois retired a short distance into the forest, where they spent some hours in putting together a rudely constructed fort in which they might seek shelter if necessary, for as yet they had no knowledge of the number of their opponents. The French were similarly engaged in erecting a double row of palisades about their fort. The space between the two rows was filled with earth to the height of a man's head, and twenty loopholes (each of which would accommodate three marksmen) were left for the use of the garrison. These preparations were no sooner completed than the war-cry of the Indians again echoed through the forest as the infuriated mob advanced to the attack. Each car-

ried a piece of birch bark, a fragment of the canoes of the Frenchmen, which had been broken up for that purpose. These they had lighted, with the object of throwing them over the palisades and burning out the enemy, and as the besieged looked through the loopholes they were surprised to see hundreds of dancing flames darting through the forest and steadily advancing toward them. At the word of command a score of puffs issued from the loopholes, and as many dancing flames were dashed to the ground. Still they pressed on towards the fort, but the hot fire from the muskets of its defenders was too much for them, and they again retired, carrying with them many dead and wounded. A noted Seneca chief rallied the discouraged Indians, and called upon them to follow him and take the fort by storm, but a well-directed bullet laid him low just as they threatened to overpower the slender garrison. Some of the most daring of the young Frenchmen, anxious to show their fearlessness, rushed out of the fort, secured the head of the chief and bid defiance to his enraged followers by mounting it upon a pole overhanging the palisades. The Indians made another attempt to reach the fort and regain the ghastly trophy, but were again repulsed with loss. Having been frustrated in every attempt to dislodge

the enemy, they held a council of war at which it was decided to summon to their aid the five hundred allies who, encamped at the mouth of the Richelieu, had for some days been awaiting the band coming down the Ottawa to join with them in the preconcerted attack upon Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. Messengers were accordingly despatched to conduct them to Long Sault. For five days they awaited the return of the messengers with the expected reinforcements, and all the while they kept up an incessant fire towards the fort with the object of wearing out its inmates. They succeeded in this far better than they knew. Exhausted with the long vigil and suffering from hunger and thirst, the worn-out Frenchmen were in a most pitiable plight. Their scanty supply of water had long since failed, and the huge kettles in which they carried it had been left upon the shore. Driven to desperation with thirst, a few of their number rushed to the river's bank, and, falling upon their stomachs, slaked their thirst at the eddying pools, and before the Iroquois realized what had happened, they filled the small vessels with water which they brought back to the fort for their companions. This was ravenously swallowed but failed to satisfy them. The Indians now barred the way to the river, so Daulac and his

band set to work to dig a well behind the palisade, and a faint cheer rose from their parched throats as a little muddy water oozed through the clay at the bottom of the hole. At this stage the treacherous nature of the Indian again asserted itself. The Hurons who had volunteered to share the fortunes of Daulac deserted to a man, with the single exception of the brave and loyal chief, Etienne Annahotaha. This not only reduced the garrison to about one-third its original number, but the Iroquois, learning from the deserters the true number of the besieged, were all the more impatient to renew the attack.

The yells of the savages announced the arrival of the reinforcement from the Richelieu. Daulac felt that his hour had come, and he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible and to teach the Indians that a handful of brave Frenchmen could hold at bay a thousand painted savages.

The French had with them a number of small cannon which for the first time they hauled to the loopholes, and prepared to meet the attack which they knew would not be long delayed. The Indians moved cautiously toward the fort, hoping to secure an easy victory, and as they came within range the gunners applied the torch and there belched from the

loopholes long tongues of flame, and as the smoke cleared away Daulac saw the havoc the heavier weapons had caused. The Indians fled in all directions, filled with consternation. With no better success they renewed the attack for three long days and nights, until almost in despair some of the braves counselled a retreat, as they believed the Frenchmen had charmed lives and that no efforts upon their part could dislodge them. The Hurons who had so recently shared the fate of the besieged again assured the Iroquois of the pitiable condition of the garrison and urged them to continue the assault. Smarting under the repeated defeats, the Indians called another council of war. The old warriors, with much display of oratory, recounted the brave deeds of their race and called upon the younger braves to avenge the slaughter of their brethren who had fallen before the loopholes of the palisades, guarded only by a handful of detested Frenchmen. According to Indian custom a bundle of sticks was thrown upon the ground, and all who volunteered to join in the attack designed for the annihilation of the enemy were asked to come forward and pick up one of the sticks. One by one the Indians seized the small pieces of wood, until practically the entire throng thus signified their willingness.

In all their wars the Indians rarely advanced against a protected enemy, for, the moment their companions began to fall about them, they invariably shrank from further assault and sought refuge in flight, but when once engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter they fought with the desperation of wild beasts. They invariably endeavored to overcome the foe by strategy. The chiefs, therefore, took counsel together to devise means to reach the palisades with as little loss of life as possible. They hit upon a device in common use among the ancients two thousand years before. From short pieces of logs lashed together side by side, shields were made for each of the front rank of the attacking party. These they held before them as they advanced against the enemy. The startled Frenchmen saw moving towards them an apparently compact wooden wall behind which were concealed the blood-thirsty Iroquois. Into the advancing column they poured the contents of the musketoons, as the small cannon were called. Here and there a gap appeared in the moving phalanx as a shield fell to the ground and a warrior plunged headlong, pierced by a bullet from the fort. Never before in Indian warfare had such a sight been witnessed. On they came with their heart-piercing yells, a thousand against a score. As

one dropped out another grasped his shield and took his place, determined to silence forever the death-dealing weapons of the opponents. As they neared the fort they threw aside the shields, and with axe and hatchet they rushed to the palisades and hewed and hacked at the newly planted timbers. Some in their eagerness to reach the imprisoned foe thrust their muskets through the loopholes and fired upon the garrison. Others grasped the muzzles of the Frenchmen's guns, and while endeavoring to wrest them from their owners received the contents in their bodies. Maddened with rage, they swarmed about the fort and tore away the logs and earth, all the while shouting the terrible death knell of the valiant defenders. Within the brave Daulac and his fearless companions felt that they could not much longer withstand the terrible onslaught. With smoke-begrimed visage he rushed hither and thither, and above the din could be heard his voice exhorting his followers to resist unto death the murderers of their countrymen. Seizing a musketoon he filled it to the muzzle with powder and shot, intending to throw it over the wall to explode among their assailants. Through some mischance it fell back within the fort and burst in their midst, killing and wounding several of the French-

men. At that moment, as the remnant of the exhausted defenders were groping through the blinding smoke and stumbling over the prostrate forms of their dead and wounded comrades, a breach was made in the wall and the infuriated mob rushed through. Orders had been given to capture the inmates alive, that the savages might torture them at their leisure. The Frenchmen knew the fate that awaited them if they were made prisoners, and they fell upon the Indians and fought like demons. One by one, the brave Daulac among the first, they fell under the tomahawks of the Iroquois, but not until a terrible price had been demanded for each life of the slaughtered garrison. When they were finally overcome only three showed any signs of life. These maimed and half-dead survivors were burned at the stake. It was not from any sense of mercy that they were spared the torture intended for them, but solely because their lives were already too far spent. The Iroquois were filled with rage when they realized that, after so desperate a struggle in which so many lives had been lost upon their side, no prisoners had been secured for the savage ceremonies which invariably followed such events. Victims must be had, so they fell upon the renegade Hurons, some of whom were then burned at the stake

while others were reserved for the torture which awaited them at the villages of the Iroquois.

These daring lives so dearly sold at Long Sault were the purchase price for a long period of security to the colonists upon the St. Lawrence. The brave resistance of these seventeen heroes under the able leadership of the chivalrous Daulac taught the Iroquois that it was no easy matter to overcome so valiant an enemy, and they for the time, abandoned their intended invasion of the French settlements.

## HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

*(May, 1660.)*

"Il faut ici donner la gloire à ces dixsept Français de Montréal, et honorer leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est deu avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur réfuser sans ingratitude. Tout etait perdu, s'ils n'eussent péri, et leur malheur a sauvé ce pays."—*Rélations des Jesuites, 1660, p. 17.*

Beside the dark Utawa's stream, two hundred years ago
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know:
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past,
It stirs the blood, and fires the soul, as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie,
And earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die.

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount Royal's crest
The Gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd,

And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.
Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand,
The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted land,
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery prime—
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime,
And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades true and tried,
Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneeling side by side;
And this their oath:—On flood or field, to challenge face to face
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race;
No quarter to accept or grant—and, loyal to the grave,
To die like martyrs for the land they shed their blood to save.

Shrived by the priests within the Church where oft they had adored,
With solemn fervor they partake the Supper of the Lord;
And now, those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have passed,
And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his last.
Unskilled to steer the frail canoe, or stem the rushing tide,
On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their barks below
A Rapid of Utawa's flood—the turbulent Long-Sault.

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore,
A moss-grown Palisade was seen—a Fort in days of yore;
Fenced by its circle they encamped; and on the listening air,
Before those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice of prayer.
Sentry and scout kept watch and ward, and soon, with glad surprise,
They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark allies,—

Two stalwart chiefs and forty "braves,"—all sworn
to strike a blow
In one great battle for their lives against the com-
mon foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy Spring in that fair
month of May,
The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on
many a budding spray,—
A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender
green,
And Peace seemed brooding, like a dove, o'er all the
sylvan scene;
When, loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the
magic charm,
And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid
their comrades arm,
And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent
of the Sault,
Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long-
expected foe.

They spring to land,—a wilder brood hath ne'er
appalled the sight—
With carbines, tomahawks and knives that gleam
with baleful light;
Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and
broidered deerskins hide
The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier
red be dyed.

Hark! to the death-song that they chant,—behold them as they bound,
With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around;
Then, swifter than the wind, they fly the barrier to invest,
Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled from a nest.

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock,
And madly break in seething foam, hurl'd backward by the shock,
So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward were they hurl'd,
When from the loopholes of the Fort flame burst and vapor curl'd.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again;
The trampled turf was drenched with blood—blood stained the passing wave—
It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those
Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose;

The shot that hissed above their heads, the
Mohawks' taunting cries,
Warned them that never more on earth must
slumber seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by
craven dread,
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and traitorously
fled;
And, when the darkness of the night had vanished,
like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a mad-
dened host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned
to their aid
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles, to storm the
Palisade;
And, panting for revenge, they speed, impatient for
the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by
scent of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they
charge—but never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier wel-
come met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the
desolating breath
Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot
cataracts of death.

Eight days of varied horrors passed! What boots
it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the Fort heroically fell?
Hunger, and thirst, and sleeplessness—death's
ghastly aids—at length
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled
their giant strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glori-
ous rally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon
be o'er;
Sure of the martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not
from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love they scorn to
reckon loss!

The Fort is fired, and through the flames, with
slippery, splashing tread,
The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of
the dead;
There, with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac the
dauntless stood,
And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding
smoke and blood,
Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with
proud, unconquered glance,
Dead,—but immortalized by death—Leonidas of
France!
True to their oath, that glorious band no quarter
basely craved;—
So died the peerless Twenty-two, so Canada was
saved!

## CHAPTER VII.

### Cavelier de la Salle.

THE full name of this fearless explorer was Réné Robert Cavelier de la Salle, but in history he is known briefly as La Salle. He was born of wealthy parents at Rouen, in 1643, and was well educated, particularly in mathematics. He had an elder brother, a priest of St. Sulpice, who preceded him to Canada, and from whom he had learned much of that interesting country. The knowledge thus imparted awakened in him a desire to seek his fortune in the New World. The Gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice were the feudal lords of Montreal, and in order to facilitate the establishment of a settlement in the neighborhood, they granted large tracts of land to intending settlers.

In 1666 La Salle sailed to Canada and obtained from the Sulpicians a grant of land at the place now known as Lachine, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. This he parcelled out among a number of settlers, reserving a considerable portion for himself. He soon mastered several Indian languages, prepara-

tory to the great task he seems to have conceived shortly after his arrival in Canada, if, indeed, he had not entertained the idea before he sailed from France. He had heard of a river, called the Ohio, which he believed emptied into the Gulf of California and would furnish a route to China. To explore this river was now his one great object in life, to which all his other enterprises were tributary. Obtaining the consent of the Governor to pursue his explorations, he sold his seigniory at La Chine (which, by the way, was so named in derision from the burning desire of its proprietor to discover a new route to China), purchased and equipped four canoes, and set out on his first expedition.

The Sulpicians, observing the foothold that was being obtained by the Jesuits, desired also to survey the West, so they joined forces with La Salle, and the entire party consisted of twenty-four men in seven canoes with seven Indians, as guides, in two more canoes. On the 6th of July, 1669, they left La Chine, and, unlike the other travellers whose fortunes we have followed, they ascended the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, coasted its southern shore, and at an Indian village near where the city of Hamilton now stands they met Joliet. The Sulpicians, after a conference with Joliet and

having obtained from him a map of such portions of the Upper Lakes as he had visited, parted company with La Salle. They pursued their course towards Lake Huron, leaving their fellow-traveller, who feigned an illness, to retrace his steps, as they supposed.

The Sulpicians formed a very poor estimate of the untiring energy of this young man when they believed that he could be so easily turned from his purpose. For two years he plodded through the forests, over the lakes, up and down the rivers, deserted from time to time by his followers, and suffering untold hardships from cold, hunger and the hundred difficulties that beset the path of the early explorer. He went north as far as Michilimackinac and south as far as the Ohio River, traversing in many directions the territory between these two extremes.

In 1673 we find him with a fully developed plan, to which he devoted the remainder of his life. He felt satisfied that the Mississippi flowed southward into the Gulf of Mexico, and would furnish a direct means of communication with the fertile plains of the interior of the continent, the hunting-grounds along the banks of its northern tributaries, and the shores of the Upper Lakes.

Frontenac, who, at that time, was Governor,

contemplated the construction of a fort on Lake Ontario which would serve to hold the Iroquois in check and protect the trade of the Great Lakes. He intended that this fort should be located on the Bay of Quinte, but at the suggestion of La Salle, he changed it to Cataraqui, where it would command both the St. Lawrence and the lake. In July of 1673, with about four hundred men, he began its construction in the presence of a great concourse of Indians, who had been invited to witness the imposing ceremony. The structure was speedily completed and was placed in charge of a French garrison.

In the autumn of the following year La Salle returned to France with letters of strong recommendation from Frontenac. He obtained an audience with the King, which resulted in his receiving a patent of nobility and a grant of Fort Frontenac, together with four leagues of land westward from the fort along the lake front, half a league in depth, and also the two islands opposite. This was the first grant of land from the Crown in what is now the Province of Ontario. In return for this valuable seigniory La Salle agreed to repay the ten thousand francs expended in the construction of the fort, and to perform other services by way of maintaining it and estab-

lishing a French colony around it. By means of money advanced by his friends, he repaid the stipulated sum, rebuilt the fort of stone, and entered upon a prosperous career, from which he annually reaped a handsome profit. Indeed, he would assuredly have amassed a considerable fortune from the trade he controlled, had not his ambition been the achievement of distinction and honor rather than the accumulation of wealth.

Having accomplished this first step in his general plan La Salle again returned to France, in 1677, and obtained another patent from the King, authorizing him to engage in the exploration of the western parts of New France and discover a way to Mexico, and, for the execution of this enterprise, to build forts at such places as he might think necessary. He succeeded in borrowing the necessary money, and while in Paris met Henri de Tonty, an Italian officer, who returned with him to Canada, and from that time was closely associated with him in all his undertakings.

While in France La Salle also found an ally in La Motte de Lussière, who figured conspicuously in his subsequent voyages. As soon as his affairs in Canada could be set in order and the necessary preparations made, La Motte, with sixteen men and Father Henni-

pin, whose achievements as an explorer made him famous, proceeded in a little vessel of ten tons from Frontenac to Niagara, and commenced the construction of a fortified house, two leagues above the mouth of the river, La Salle and Tonty followed shortly afterwards with men and supplies. It was here that La Salle met with the first of a series of misfortunes which pursued him for the rest of his life. After selecting a suitable place above the cataract for a shipyard, his vessel was wrecked, and little was saved except the anchors and cables which he had brought along for the new vessel he was about to build. He laid down the timbers for this vessel and marked out the foundations of two blockhouses, and then returned on foot to Fort Frontenac to direct his affairs there and procure supplies to replace those lost in the wreck. Upon his arrival he found his business arrangements in a deplorable condition. His enemies had circulated rumors about the folly of his venture, and had so aroused the creditors that they had seized his property.

La Salle returned to Niagara, and on the 7th of August, 1679, he embarked on the *Griffin*, which had in the meantime been completed and was the first sailing vessel ever seen on Lake Erie. He proceeded to the western

extremity of the lake, crossed Lake St. Clair, and proceeded up Lake Huron to Michilimackinac. Early in September he set sail again, crossed Lake Michigan and anchored at the entrance to Green Bay. Here he found a large store of furs collected by an advance party he had sent forward for that purpose from Niagara. A number of men of this party had deserted. Four of them had been arrested at Michilimackinac and sent, in charge of Tonty, to the Falls of Ste. Marie, where two others were captured.

La Salle was singularly unfortunate in the choice and management of his subordinates. Tonty was the only man in whom he could place absolute confidence. He even suspected his pilot of having purposely wrecked his vessel at Niagara, yet, in the face of this he rashly decided to send him back to that point with the cargo of furs to satisfy the demands of his creditors. Then with fourteen men in four canoes, laden with a forge, tools, merchandise and arms, he resumed his voyage of exploration. By the first of November he had reached the mouth of the St. Joseph River, on the southern shore of Lake Michigan. Here he was to have been rejoined by Tonty and twenty men. His followers grumbled at the delay, and to divert their thoughts he set

them at work building a fort, afterwards known as Fort St. Joseph. After the party had waited three weeks for him, Tonty arrived with a moving tale of fatigue and hunger. His provisions had failed, and he had left half his men thirty leagues behind to maintain themselves by hunting. He returned with two more to escort them to the rendezvous, but, being overtaken by a violent storm, their canoe was swamped, and they barely escaped with their lives, after losing their guns, baggage and provisions. Being in a worse plight than those they set out to rescue, they returned to St. Joseph, half-famished, and were soon rejoined by their companions, except two who had deserted.

Two men were now despatched to Michilimackinac to gather tidings of the *Griffin*, which was to have returned immediately after discharging her cargo at Niagara. The rest of the party, now reduced to thirty-three men, in eight canoes, proceeded on their voyage up the St. Joseph and through the forest to one of the branches of the Illinois. They followed the course of this river to the " Starved Rock," where was located the great town of the Illinois. But when they reached the town they found its hundreds of lodges were empty and not a soul was in sight. They had

migrated for their great winter hunt, and at the risk of incurring their enmity, La Salle opened one of their caches and obtained a much needed supply of corn. They continued their journey for several days, when they came upon eighty-seven Illinois wigwams. The warriors were disposed to give battle, but La Salle quelled their fears, and assured them that his plan of opening up traffic on the Mississippi by way of the Gulf of Mexico was for the purpose of securing their trade and protecting them and the other Indians of the interior from the Iroquois, of whom they stood in great fear. Then followed the usual feasts and gifts of knives, hatchets and kettles.

That very night messengers from other tribes secretly entered the camp and warned the Illinois that La Salle was a spy of the Iroquois and was planning their destruction. When morning came it required all his tact and ingenuity, which he possessed in a remarkable measure when dealing with Indians, to restore the good relation between his hosts and himself. He was not so fortunate in the management of his own men, six of whom, among them two of his best carpenters, deserted him during his stay at this camp. A short distance from the Indian encampment he built Fort Crèvecœur, which was to serve as

a base of operations for his descent of the Mississippi and to afford protection against an outbreak of the Illinois or an invasion of the Iroquois. This structure represented the first civilized occupation of that region.

In order to carry out his design of following the Mississippi to its mouth, La Salle stood in great need of the supplies which were to be brought by the *Griffin* on her return trip. That ill-fated vessel was never seen again after her departure from Green Bay. In this extremity he decided upon a plan which was characteristic of the man. A thousand miles from the nearest point from which he could obtain the necessary supplies, surrounded by a treacherous band of followers and a horde of suspicious savages, who endeavored to persuade him to abandon his intended explorations, he set out on foot with only four companions for Fort Frontenac. He reached his destination after sixty-five days of the most frightful suffering ever experienced by a white traveller in America. He had before him a task from which most men would shrink, for his business affairs were in a most unsatisfactory state. His creditors were clamorous. Ruin and disaster seemed inevitable. To add to his troubles, he received intelligence from the faithful Tonty, who had been left in

charge of his men at Fort Crèvecœur, that shortly after his departure nearly all the men had deserted after destroying the fort, plundering the magazine, and throwing into the river all the arms, goods and stores they could not carry away. Other messengers, who had met the deserters, confirmed this report, and brought the further disheartening news that, not content with the mischief they had done at Fort Crèvecœur, they had followed up their diabolical work by destroying Fort St. Joseph, stealing the furs stored at Michilimackinac, and plundering the magazine at Niagara. Yet our hero did not despair. He felt that Tonty must be relieved at all hazards. Gathering about twenty-five men, he, on the tenth of August, 1680, again set out, taking with him the necessary equipment for the vessel which had been begun before he left the Mississippi the year before. They reached the valley of the Illinois, but Tonty was not there. Where he fondly hoped to establish a settlement, he found only desolation and ruins. All his time, money and energy had been worse than wasted.

La Salle spent the winter in cultivating the friendship of the neighboring Indian tribes and laying plans for the formation of a colony on the banks of the Mississippi, and in the spring

returned to Michilimackinac, where in May he met Tonty. They returned together to Fort Frontenac to begin anew the enterprise upon which they had both set their hearts, and by the following autumn La Salle had succeeded in appeasing his creditors and obtaining fresh supplies, when for the third time he started for the Mississippi. After the usual trials of such a voyage, they reached the river on February 6th, 1682, and as soon as the floating ice cleared away they began the descent in their canoes, as La Salle had abandoned the idea of building a ship for the purpose. For over two months they followed the tortuous course of the river, meeting for the first time several Indian tribes, and on the ninth of April reached the mouth and commemorated the event by erecting a column bearing the arms of France and the inscription, "Louis Le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, Règne; Le Neuvième Avril, 1682." Thus for the first time a white man traversed the Mississippi from the Illinois to the sea, and claimed in the name of the King of France the vast territory of Louisiana bordering upon its banks.

Just as he had accomplished the great object for which he had struggled so long, La Salle was overtaken by a serious illness, from the effects of which he appears never to have fully

recovered, and which now obliged him to remain several weeks at a fort his men had built at Chickasaw Bluffs on their way down before he was able to resume his voyage. In the meantime he had sent a messenger to Canada with news of his discovery, and in September, pale and haggard and still suffering from the deadly disease, he rejoined Tonty at Michilimackinac. He next directed all his energies towards putting his discovery to some practical use. He had solved the problem of reaching the interior by way of the Mississippi, and his next step was to found a colony on the banks of the Illinois, from which point trade could be carried on with the Indians and this trade be protected by another colony and fort at the mouth of the great waterway.

La Salle selected "Starved Rock" for the site of his northern colony, and a report that the Iroquois were about to attack the western tribes prompted him to immediately set to work to construct a fort upon that almost impregnable stronghold. In the month of December the work was begun, and in a few weeks' time La Salle looked down from Fort St. Louis—for so it was called—upon the fertile plains below, upon which were then encamped twenty thousand savages, who regarded him as their deliverer from the terrible scourge of the war-

like Iroquois. Just when all seemed to augur well for the success of his plans, a new difficulty arose. Frontenac, upon whose support he had always relied, was no longer Governor, and La Barre ruled in his stead. The latter had no sympathy with the enterprise of the western explorer, and under the pretext that La Salle had not fulfilled the conditions upon which Fort Frontenac had been granted to him, he seized the fort and all its stores, and commissioned an officer to take possession of Fort St. Louis and send La Salle to Quebec. This latter order was quite unnecessary, as La Salle had already left the west and was returning, determined to sail to France and lay his case before the King himself.

During La Salle's long absence from Canada his enemies had succeeded in arousing a very strong feeling against him, but upon his arrival in Paris he found his Sovereign ready to grant him even more than he asked. The Spaniards had irritated the King by presuming to exclude the French from the Gulf of Mexico; and now that war had been declared, he became a ready convert to the plan unfolded by La Salle. La Barre was severely rebuked, and La Forest, who had been in charge of Fort Frontenac for La Salle at the time of its seizure, was commissioned to reoccupy

it and Fort St. Louis in his name. La Salle was given four vessels, a hundred soldiers, and a company of mechanics and laborers. In addition to these, thirty volunteers, a number of families to found a colony, and six priests joined the expedition. Beaujeu, an old captain of the Royal Navy, was in command of the ships, and as La Salle was the recognized head of the enterprise, this unfortunate division of authority gave rise to much unpleasantness, as the old seaman declined, especially while at sea, to take instructions from a landsman.

This voyage, like all La Salle's other undertakings, was not free from disaster. Many of the passengers were sick and water was scarce, owing to the refusal of La Salle to permit the captain to stop at Madeira to replenish his casks, as he feared that by so doing the Spaniards might be advised of his undertaking. Only three of the ships reached St. Domingo. The fourth, which was laden with provisions, tools and other necessaries, was captured by Spanish buccaneers. La Salle was among the sick, and as there was no one to fill his place, his men became uncontrollable, and plunged into every excess of debauchery, contracting diseases which in many cases resulted in death. It was near the end of November, 1684, four

months after they had sailed from France, before they were able to resume their voyage. It was the sixth of January when they reached a wide opening between two low points of land on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico which La Salle believed to be the mouth of the Mississippi. During a dense fog which had overtaken them a few days before, he had lost sight of the *Joly*, the vessel in which Beaujeu sailed. He waited several days, and then, believing that the captain had passed him to the westward, he continued with the two remaining ships in that direction. Unfortunately, when he had visited the mouth of the Mississippi he had not taken its longitude and he was already west of the entrance he was seeking. He followed the coast of Texas until he finally effected a landing near Corpus Christi Bay, where he was soon rejoined by Beaujeu. Then arose another unfortunate dispute regarding a fair division of the rations and the responsibility for the separation. These frequent quarrels between the commander of the ships and the leader of the expedition not only widened the breach between these two men, but fostered discord among the rest of the party, which at times threatened to break out in open mutiny.

La Salle sent two of his most reliable men

with a party of soldiers to explore the coast. They proceeded in a north-easterly direction until they reached the entrance to Matagorda Bay. Here they were joined by the three ships which had followed them. La Salle, believing that he had at last found the western mouth of the Mississippi, concluded to bring two of the ships, the *Aimable* and the *Belle,* to an anchorage within the shelter of the land. Beaujeu's experienced eye detected shallow water and adverse currents, and he did not favor the plan. The *Aimable* was, however, ordered to enter. In the meantime a party of men, who had been engaged in getting a suitable tree from which to make a canoe, were set upon and carried off by a band of Indians. La Salle followed them to their camp to rescue the prisoners, which he succeeded in doing, and upon his return he was startled by the report of a cannon, which he correctly interpreted as a signal of distress, and as he neared the shore his heart sank within him as he saw the *Aimable,* with all his stores on board, a hopeless wreck upon the reef. Her commander had disregarded his orders, and, it was believed by many, had purposely brought about this lamentable result. With difficulty a quantity of flour and gunpowder was saved,

but by far the greater part of the cargo was lost.

The little company that a few months before had sailed from France with bright visions of the fortunes to be easily acquired in the New World, was now encamped on a marshy inlet, protected by a rampart of fragments of the wreck, bales, boxes and dismounted cannon. Sickness was rife among them, and the little mounds added each day to the lonely cemetery marked the close of the earthly career of as many emigrants, whose loved ones at home waited in vain for some cheering news of the new colony they were to assist in founding. On the twelfth of March, Beaujeu, feeling that his part of the mission had been performed, sailed for France in the *Joly*, taking with him a number of the homesick colonists.

La Salle set out to explore the neighborhood, leaving Joutel, the most trustworthy of his company, in command of the so-called fort. The Indians proved to be vexatious neighbors, and lurked about the feeble fortification, pilfering everything they could lay their hands on, and waylaying any unfortunate colonist who wandered from the encampment. La Salle returned almost disheartened, for he was convinced, for the first time, that they were not at the mouth of the Mississippi, and

he ordered the company to remove to the banks of a small river, now called the Lavaca, emptying into the head of the bay. Joutel with thirty men, was left in charge of the fortification at the mouth of the bay. There they spent several months in fishing and hunting and preparing timber that washed ashore for the construction of a station on the Lavaca. At midsummer they also were summoned to remove to the latter post, and the frigate *Belle,* the only ship left them, was brought into requisition for that purpose. In a short time, though not without great difficulty, the little colony was reassembled at the point selected by La Salle. Most of them were not accustomed to manual labor, and the work of dragging heavy timbers, preparing them for the intended structure, and putting them in place under a scorching Texas sun, caused much distress and grumbling. Some had not yet recovered from the diseases contracted at St. Domingo, and before the summer had passed another graveyard had received more than thirty tenants. La Salle could not disguise his disappointment, and as he saw his party dwindling away, and the accomplishment of his cherished plans becoming more remote, his attitude towards his followers became harsh and stern, with the inevitable

result that there were low murmurings of conspiracy and assassination. Finally a building was completed, the little colony was comfortably housed, and the indefatigable chief set out again, on the last day of October, to search for the " fatal river," as Joutel termed it. He left the latter in charge of the new quarters, which he called Fort St. Louis, and, accompanied by his brother and fifty men lightly equipped, he descended the Lavaca and proceeded on foot along the shore of the bay.

Joutel, during the absence of his chief, employed those able to work in building separate lodgings for the men and women, a small chapel and a palisade surrounding all the buildings. They spent considerable time in fishing and hunting, as the bay and river furnished an abundance of fish, turtles and oysters, and the surrounding prairie swarmed with buffalo, deer, hares, turkeys, ducks, geese, swans, plover, snipe and grouse. Realizing that idleness breeds discontent, he contrived to keep them all busy. Thus they beguiled the time for five months, when a remnant of the exploring party, consisting of La Salle and his brother and five or six men, returned. They had wandered for weeks through a country similar in aspect to that about Fort St. Louis, encountering many Indian tribes, until they reached

a river, which La Salle again mistook for the one he sought. Upon its banks he built a fort of palisades, where he left several of his men, whose fate, as far as history records it, ended there. He retraced his steps, intending to re-embark on the *Belle*, having despatched several of his men to look for the vessel. The next day after his return these messengers arrived with the tidings that the *Belle* was not to be found at the point where he had ordered his crew to bring her. An ominous silence followed this report. The last hope of the colonists had disappeared. La Salle himself sank beneath this awful blow and fell dangerously ill. He no sooner recovered than he devised the desperate plan of setting out again in quest of the Mississippi and returning by way of it and the Illinois to Canada, as he had done several years before.

On the 22nd of April, 1685, accompanied by his brother, Cavelier, his nephew Moranget, Friar Anastasé Douay, and sixteen or seventeen others, he bade farewell to Joutel and the rest of the colony, and with a determination that repeated disasters could not subdue, set forth again to find a means of escape from their awful situation. They journeyed towards the north-east, crossed the Colorado on a raft, and reached another river, which they bridged with

felled trees. They were troubled more or less by the Indians. One of the party, Nika, an Indian hunter, who had accompanied the leader from Canada, was bitten by a rattlesnake, which threatened the life of this faithful attendant and delayed them several days. Continuing in an easterly direction, fording rivers and hewing their path through entanglements of cane brakes, they reached the villages of the Cenis Indians, who extended a friendly greeting to the weary travellers. Soon after leaving these villages, La Salle and his nephew were attacked by a fever which caused a further delay of over two months.

The magnitude of the undertaking and his physical unfitness to accomplish it in his weakened condition were now forced home upon La Salle. Some of his men had already deserted, and as their ammunition was nearly spent, he reluctantly turned his face again towards Fort St. Louis, which he reached in safety, with no other serious mishap than the loss of a servant, who was seized by an alligator and dragged beneath the surface of the water while attempting to cross the Colorado. He then learned for the first time the true story of the fate of the *Belle*. Ten days after he had left the fort, a young priest, who had been on board the missing vessel, had returned

with word that she was wrecked on the other side of the bay and that all on board were lost, except the bearer of the news and the five others who accompanied him. Blank despair was now depicted in every countenance. La Salle alone bore up under the awful strain and tried to encourage and cheer the drooping spirits of his men. His former harsh attitude was changed to one of tenderness and sympathy. Out of one hundred and eighty colonists, exclusive of the crew of the *Belle*, only forty-five remained. There seemed no hope of rescue but by way of Canada, as the only ships that visited those shores were Spanish, and they knew that no succor could be expected from that quarter. The journey to Canada must be made, and La Salle determined to again make the attempt and decided that Joutel should accompany him to Quebec and proceed from there to France with his brother, while he himself should return to Texas, but an attack of hernia delayed his departure for four or five weeks. The New Year of 1687 had set in when one-half of the survivors of that once hopeful expedition, which two and one-half years before had sailed from France, took a sad farewell of their companions in misery. These men had before them a journey the parallel of which had never

been undertaken, and their companions remained behind upon a shore where every object told the same sad tale of despair and death.

The travellers pushed on over the prairie, across the rivers, through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, and on the fifteenth of March encamped near a spot were La Salle on his previous journey had concealed a quantity of corn and beans. He sent seven of his party to bring the provisions, of which they then stood in great need. They found them spoiled; but on returning to the camp Nika shot two buffaloes, and La Salle's servant, Saget, was sent back to his master for two horses to carry the meat. In compliance with their request, Moranget, the nephew of La Salle, and de Marle were sent with the horses. A quarrel over the division of the meat arose between Moranget and Duhaut, one of the seven originally despatched for the corn and beans. This revived a feud between these two men, which had had its inception before they had left the fort. Duhaut had for some time been stirring up several of the men to mutiny against La Salle, and the slightest pretext was sufficient to arouse them to wreak their vengeance upon his rather impetuous nephew. The conspirators therefore decreed that Moranget

should be put to death. There was no hope of making accomplices of Nika and Saget, so they, too, were to share his fate. That night, while they slept, the three victims were cruelly murdered. All the others save de Marle were privy to the crime, and he was forced to compromise himself by inflicting the last blow upon Moranget as he lay gasping from a mortal stroke from one of the others.

Their hands once dyed in blood, the conspirators shrank from no heartless crime, even the murder of their chieftain, which they conceived was the only means of escape from the punishment they merited. He with the rest of the party was six miles distant awaiting their return. Becoming anxious about them, as ample time had elapsed to enable them to complete the journey, he had engaged one of the Indians, who was loitering about the camp, to act as guide, and, accompanied only by this guide and Friar Douay, he set out to find them. La Salle seemed to have a presentiment of his impending fate, and on the way was overwhelmed with a profound sadness. He spoke only of matters of piety, grace and predestination, and the debt he owed to God, who had saved him from so many perils during more than twenty years of travel in America. As they neared the camp of his murderous follow-

ers, he observed two eagles circling in the air over him, and believing them to be in waiting to devour the remains of the carcases of the slaughtered buffaloes he fired his gun as a signal of his approach. Duhaut and the other chief of the conspirators concealed themselves in the reed-like grass, while L'Archevêqué, another of their number, stood in sight as La Salle, approaching him, enquired where Moranget was. The man returned a disrespectful reply and slowly retreated, thus leading his master, who advanced to punish his insolence, towards the ambush of the cowardly assassins. As soon as he came within range of their muskets, there was a puff of smoke, and as the report of the gun sounded over the wild waste of prairie, La Salle dropped dead, shot through the brain. His unfeeling murderers, despite the pleadings of the terror-stricken friar, stripped the body naked and dragged it into the bushes, leaving it there a prey to the buzzards and the wolves.

No stone or other monument marks to-day the spot where fell La Salle, the greatest explorer of his age. He lived at a time when the spirit of adventure was stirring up all the European nations to send forth their bravest sons to seek out the hidden places of the new world. Other adventurers skirted about the

fringe of the unexplored territories and reported the discovery of unknown islands, bays, inlets, rivers and promontories, but La Salle plunged deeper than them all into the very heart of the continent and wrested from it the secret of its greatest waterway. Repeated disasters and the slanders of a host of enemies served only to spur him on to greater exertion. He never faltered in the one great object he set out to attain. His whole being seemed so thoroughly saturated with his designs that he gave little heed to anything else. From his youth he was an earnest Catholic, and it is said that he joined the Society of Jesus, and if he did we can readily believe that his love for independent action would soon assert itself, and we are not surprised that he severed his connection with an order whose first law was obedience to the will of others, but not until it had indelibly impressed upon his character the cardinal principles of a pure and upright life. Unlike most of his fellow countrymen, La Salle at no time of his life gave himself up to the ordinary delights and pleasures of young men of his standing, but applied himself to the enterprise he had in hand. He sought neither applause nor popularity, and so engrossed was he in his own work that he often neglected the ordinary courtesies due

from him to his associates, and this very neglect accounted for much of the disaffection among his followers.

In the brief narrative I have given of his expeditions to the Mississippi we can form but a faint conception of the difficulties he had to overcome. In this enlightened century, when every schoolboy can trace the course of our great lakes and rivers, and when a journey of two thousand miles can be accomplished amid the comforts of a drawing-room, we are likely to underrate the thousand obstacles of an overland expedition in the seventeenth century. La Salle was called a madman by many of his cotemporaries, was scoffed at by others and had had the practical sympathy of very few, yet he struggled on under an ever-increasing burden and died a martyr's death for the cause to which he had so unreservedly devoted his means, his talents and his life.

After the murder of La Salle the arch-conspirator assumed the leadership of the company, all of whom were privy to his crimes except Joutel, Douay, Cavelier, the priest, his nephew and two boys, all of whom stood in mortal dread of their vicious companions. They continued on their journey until they reached the Cenis villages, where Joutel, Douay, the two Caveliers and three others

managed to escape from the rest, but not until they had witnessed, in a quarrel amongst themselves, the murder of Duhaut and his chief associate in crime. With six horses and three Indian guides the party proceeded on the course mapped out by their lamented leader. After a journey of several months through the territory of other tribes, who in turn provided them with guides, they reached an Indian village on the River Arkansas, above its junction with the Mississippi. To their great delight they here met two followers of the thoughtful and generous Tonty, who by an order of the King had been reinstated in command of Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois. Upon learning that La Salle had landed on the shores of the Gulf, he had at his own expense fitted out an expedition and gone to the mouth of the Mississippi in search of him. Failing to locate him, he had left a letter for him in the care of an Indian chief, and with a heavy heart retraced his long journey. Six of his party volunteered to remain at the village on the Arkansas. Two of these were the men who greeted the weary travellers. They were still far from their goal, and after submitting with patience to the feasts given in their honor by the Indians, they proceeded on their way and reached Fort St. Louis on the Illinois in six

weeks' time. Tonty was absent, engaged in a war against the Iroquois, and as they were anxious to reach Quebec in time to obtain passage on the autumn ships, they halted but a short time at the fort. They went as far as Lake Michigan, but the fierce storms forced them to return and they spent the winter with Tonty. They adopted the questionable expedient of concealing from him and the others at the fort the death of La Salle, believing that by so doing they could the more readily obtain the assistance of which they stood in such need. Leaving the fort in March, they reached Montreal in July, sailed for France in August, and early in October landed at Rochelle, from which port three years and three months before they had embarked, filled with enthusiasm and loyalty. They now returned crushed and dejected, after having endured indescribable hardships, disasters and dangers, to seek at the foot of the throne succor for the famished remnant of the little colony they had left on the banks of the Lavaca. The King, however, turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and left the miserable colonists to their fate.

After the departure of Joutel and his party from St. Louis on the Illinois, Tonty learned for the first time the deception that had been practised upon him. He felt that he must

make an effort to rescue the lonely colonists in Texas, and, accompanied by five Frenchmen, he descended the Mississippi again and reached the Indian village where Joutel had parted company with his undesirable companions. They had paid the penalty of their crimes, as the Indians reluctantly confessed that they had put them to death. Three of Tonty's men had deserted him, he had lost the greater part of his ammunition, and as the river was flooded and no guides could be procured, he was reluctantly forced to abandon his purpose and return to the Illinois.

Two years after the fruitless effort of Tonty to rescue the deserted creatures on the gulf, a strong force of Spaniards was sent to rid the country of the French trespassers. They were guided to their hiding-place by a Frenchman, a probable deserter from La Salle. The wrecked buildings, the broken boxes and barrels, and three wasted corpses on the adjacent prairie told the story of the fate of the wretched inmates. The treacherous savages had cheated the Spaniards of their prey.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### JACQUES MARQUETTE.

THE name of Marquette will ever be associated in history with the expedition of 1673, which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi River. This event is of especial interest to Canadians, as the leader of that expedition, Louis Joliet, was a Canadian. Joliet was the son of a wagon-maker in the service of the Hundred Associates, who at that time practically controlled the destinies of Canada. He was born at Quebec, in 1645, and was educated for the priesthood, but afterwards renounced his clerical vocation and turned free trader. But he always retained his partiality for the Order of Jesuits, and, doubtless, it was through their influence that he was chosen as a suitable agent for the discovery of the Father of Waters.

Joliet passed up the lakes to Michilimackinac, and on the north side of the strait, at Point St. Ignace, he met by appointment a young priest who for two years had been laboring amongst the Indians at that place. He was a fearless, sensitive, devout man, and noted as

a linguist, having already mastered six Indian languages. This young priest was Marquette, the destined companion of Joliet upon his expedition.

They embarked on the 17th day of May, 1673, in two birch canoes, with a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn, and accompanied by five men. They coasted the north shore of Lake Michigan and proceeded westward until they reached the River Menomonie, following the course of which they arrived at a village of a tribe of Indians of the same name. When the latter learned the object of the voyage of the white men, they endeavored to dissuade them from their undertaking by picturing to them the ferocious character of the tribes who dwelt upon the banks of the river they were seeking, and describing the frightful monsters that lived in its waters. The voyagers paid little heed to these extravagant tales and continued in a westerly course until they entered the land of the Mascoutins and Miamis, who furnished them with two Indian guides to conduct them to the waters of the Wisconsin.

They continued to follow the Menomonie until it became so choked with wild rice that they were obliged to shoulder their canoes and baggage. After a short portage of a mile and

a half, they reached the Wisconsin and committed themselves to its current, which was to bear them they knew not whither. This was the great problem they were to solve.

By the seventeenth of June, just one month from the day of their embarkation, the Wisconsin, bearing the daring explorers upon its surface, delivered its precious burdens upon the eddying waters of a wider stream, and for the first time the white man dipped his paddles in the waters of the Mississippi. For a week they followed its course without meeting a human being, when footprints appeared in the mud on the western bank. With the spirit of the true explorer they followed this trail several miles inland, and came upon three villages of the Illinois. They were in doubt as to the reception in store for them, still bearing in mind the description of the inhabitants given them by the Menomonies. But as they had encountered no greater monsters in the river than a number of large but harmless catfish, they naturally reasoned that the land monsters might prove no more ferocious.

The Frenchmen were hospitably entertained by the chief, who, as a mark of honor to the visitors, received them stark naked at the door of a large wigwam. Compliments were exchanged after the manner of the natives, and

the ceremony concluded with a feast of four courses. The first was Indian meal boiled in grease, which the master of ceremonies fed to his guests like infants with a large spoon. Then followed a platter of fish, pieces of which he picked up in his fingers, cooled it by blowing his breath upon it, then dropped it into the mouths of the white men as a mother robin feeds her young. Then followed the *pièce de resistance*, cooked dog, and the feast concluded with fat buffalo meat.

Marquette and Joliet spent the night in the village, sleeping upon buffalo robes spread upon the ground, and in the morning some six hundred villagers escorted them to the banks of the river to bid them farewell. They continued their course, drifting down the Mississippi, ever increasing in volume as tributary after tributary added its quota to the widening stream. Down they went, past the mouths of the Illinois and Missouri, on between two walls of green where the lonely forest crept to the water's edge. Where now stands the busy city of St. Louis, not a sound broke the stillness save the dashing of the water against the prows of their canoes. As they neared the mouth of the beautiful Ohio, the forest gave way to waving fields of cane, and soon again they came upon another band of Indians, who

feasted them upon buffalo meat, bear's oil and plums. Just before they reached the mouth of the Arkansas they were startled from the monotonous tedium of the voyage by the approach of a host of Indians in wooden canoes, who put out from the shore with the evident intention of surrounding them. They for a time had misgivings that the stories they had been told about the ferocity of the savages upon the Mississippi were indeed true, for on came the natives in overwhelming numbers, brandishing their weapons and shouting their war-whoops like a pack of hungry wolves. Marquette met these hostile demonstrations by holding up a pipe of peace which had been presented to him by their hospitable host of a few days before. This had no effect upon the savages, who advanced until some of the elders, observing the peaceful intentions of the Frenchmen, restrained the younger and more warlike members of the excited throng, and invited the travellers ashore. There they spent the night in safety, but not without some misgivings, as some of the younger warriors plotted their murder, but were again foiled in their designs by the intervention of the chief.

They continued their journey on the following day, and about five miles farther down they came to a village of the Arkansas tribe,

where they were entertained by the chief to a prolonged feast in which roast dog held a prominent place. This proved to be the end of their voyage, as they believed themselves to be near the mouth of the great river they had succeeded in finding and traversing so far, and they had put to rest the important question as to where it emptied. There could no longer be any doubt that it would carry them to the Gulf of Mexico.

On the seventeenth of July, two months from the day they had set out, the explorers began their homeward voyage, which they found a much more difficult task than drifting with the current. Toiling all day at the paddle under the scorching sun, and sleeping at night amid the exhalations of the unwholesome shore, Marquette, already exhausted by labor and exposure, was almost prostrated by a severe attack of dysentery. Reaching the mouth of the Illinois, they followed its course for several days, and were conducted by some friendly Indian guides to the shore of Lake Michigan, which they followed northward until they reached the mission of Green Bay, after having paddled over twenty-five hundred miles. Here Joliet parted company with the invalid priest and proceeded to Quebec.

Marquette, still suffering from the disease

he had contracted on the Lower Mississippi, remained at the mission thirteen months, and so far as his strength would permit, he heartily joined in the work of redeeming the heathen. He had sufficiently recovered by October, 1674, to feel able to carry out a plan upon which he had set his heart, the founding of a mission among the Illinois. Accompanied by two Frenchmen and a considerable number of Indians, he set out upon his long-cherished enterprise. After travelling a month they reached the site of the present city of Chicago, which at that time gave no promise of its future greatness, as there was not even a sign of human habitation. The ambitious Father had overestimated his strength. Worn out with the labors of the voyage, his malady returned, and they were forced to winter on the banks of the Chicago River.

Although unfitted for the perils of another journey, Marquette could not bear the thought of dying before delivering his message. Near the end of March he mustered all his strength, and, plodding on through the cold rains of the early spring, finally reached the Indian village of Kaskaskia. Here he summoned a grand council of several thousand warriors, women and children, and, pale and haggard, stood in their midst and harangued

them on the mysteries of the faith and exhorted them to accept it. The Indians received his message kindly and manifested a deep interest in the earnest pleadings of the dying priest. They urged him to remain among them, but he felt that his life was fast ebbing away, and he hoped to be able to return to his friends before the end came. He left the village a few days after Easter, escorted by a crowd of Indians as far as Lake Michigan. The two Frenchmen placed him tenderly in the bottom of the canoe, which they urged along with all their strength towards the mission at Green Bay. On the nineteenth of May he requested them to land, for he felt his end was near. There in the lonely wilderness they built a small bark hut, and within it laid their dying friend, who with trembling hands and feeble voice administered to them the sacrament of penitence. Though disappointed at not rejoining his friends, he did not murmur at his fate, but with his last breath thanked God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness a missionary of the faith.

He expired that night, and his followers laid his remains in a grave dug beside the hut.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Pierre Gautier de la Vérendrye.

That no overland route across the continent to the Pacific was discovered until the beginning of the nineteenth century was not due to the want of a determined effort to find one, but to the lack of that assistance which such a meritorious undertaking deserved. To a Canadian again must be accorded the honor of being the first to pursue his explorations to the farthest point westward reached by a white man in the eighteenth century, even to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1685 the wife of Réné Gautier, Governor of Three Rivers, gave birth to a son, who from his boyhood displayed a zeal for adventure and discovery. When the war of the Spanish Succession broke out, he crossed to France, and for some time followed the fortunes of a soldier, and at the battle of Malplaquet was so severely wounded that he was left upon the battle-field for dead. He speedily recovered, and upon his return to Canada assumed the name of La Vérendrye. In 1728, while in charge of a small post on Lake Nepigon, he learned from an Indian chief of a great river that flowed to the westward into

a great salt lake. Although little reliance could be placed upon the fanciful tales of the Indians, yet he was possessed with the idea that the story might be true, and that by following this river to its mouth the great salt lake might prove to be the Pacific Ocean. So infatuated was he with the desire to verify the story that he immediately petitioned the King for one hundred men and the necessary supplies, in order that he might search for this Western Sea; but his petition, although supported by the recommendation of Governor Beauharnois, was refused. He, however, was authorized to undertake the expedition at his own expense, and was promised a monopoly of the fur trade west and north of Lake Superior.

While such an offer, in the light of subsequent developments, may appear a most generous and tempting one, yet to a young man of moderate means, whose aim was discovery and not trade, it presented many difficulties. It meant years of delay in securing the necessary capital and the building of forts which had to be maintained at an enormous cost, and he knew that such a venture would be strenuously opposed by rival traders, who would leave nothing undone to wreck his enterprise. There was the further risk that Beauharnois

might be succeeded by a governor whose support could not be relied upon, and that the fruits of his labors might through the connivance of unscrupulous and mercenary officials be gathered by other traders who had borne no share of the burden of opening up this hitherto unexplored district. That his fears were well founded was demonstrated in after years by the heartless treatment of his sons.

As no alternative presented itself, La Vérendrye set about his task, although he did not relish the idea of being hampered in his plans by being obliged to provide for the trade of this vast territory in order to obtain the opportunity and means for carrying out his cherished design. Having raised from a number of associates what he deemed a sufficient sum to warrant him in venturing upon his extensive undertaking, he set out from Montreal in June, 1731, with a party of Canadians, among them being his own three sons, his nephew, La Jemeraye, and a Jesuit named Messager. After eleven long and weary weeks, following lake and river, trudging through the forest, pestered by mosquitoes and black flies, steadily moving westward, they finally reached the western extremity of Lake Superior. At this point La Vérendrye's men refused to go any farther, and he was powerless to force them

into obedience. As a great condescension upon their part, a number eventually yielded, and La Jemeraye proceeded in charge of the willing few and reached Rainy Lake, where he employed them in building a fort, which he named Fort St. Pierre. La Vérendrye himself spent a lonely and profitless winter with his mutinous followers on the banks of the River Kaministiquia, and a year had elapsed from the time of his departure from Montreal before he was able to proceed on his journey towards Lake Winnipeg. The store of supplies had been consumed during these months of idleness, and as his associates refused to contribute any further to the expense of the undertaking, his dream of planting the fleur-de-lis on the shore of the Pacific Ocean began to fade away. A cruel fate filled his cup to overflowing. Death robbed him of his able assistant, his nephew La Jemeraye. This was followed by the massacre of his eldest son and twenty-one followers, who, while returning to Michilimackinac, fell into the hands of an unfriendly band of Sioux on an island in the Lake of the Woods.

In the face of these misfortunes, La Vérendrye persevered in his plans and finally established seven fortified posts to protect the fur trade, among them being one called Fort

Rouge, on the site of the present city of Winnipeg. All the while he was engaged in locating and building these posts he pursued his enquiries among the Indian tribes he met, but could gather very little information to aid him in the one great object of his life, the discovery of a means to reach the Pacific. The Indians would time and time again entertain him with a mendacious account of the experience of some unknown wanderer who had reached the shores of the great ocean, but he was sufficiently acquainted with the Indian character not to be misled by these creations of their imagination. From several sources, apparently quite trustworthy, he was told about a tribe on the Missouri who could guide him to the unknown sea. As there appeared no prospect of reaching the longed-for goal through the aid of the Assiniboins and Cristineau, who occupied that territory now known as the Province of Manitoba, he set out with twenty men from Fort La Reine, on the Assiniboin, to pay a visit to the Mandans, on the Missouri, to gather from them what information he could.

The journey was a long but a comparatively easy one for travellers accustomed to penetrate the forests and jungles of the eastern provinces, and early in December they reached the first of the Mandan villages. The Indians

received them kindly and jostled one another in their eagerness to get a good view of the white men, and in the confusion that ensued, the bag containing his presents was stolen. Without this indispensable accessory of the traveller's outfit, it was useless to endeavor to proceed any farther. To add to the awkwardness of the situation, his interpreter eloped with an Indian maid who had captivated his heart, thus depriving the travellers of the only means possessed by them of communicating with this tribe, whose language was unknown to them. La Vérendrye, who for several years had been overtaxing his strength, was taken seriously ill and concluded to return to Fort La Reine, which he reached in February. He left two Frenchmen behind him to learn the language of the Mandans and gather what information they could, and they rejoined him at the fort in the following September. They reported that they had met a chief of another tribe, who professed to have come from the shores of a great salt sea, where white men lived in houses of brick and stone. Their description of the mysterious white men and the rising and falling of the waters of the great sea answered so well to the colony of Spaniards in California that he immediately despatched his son Pierre with two other men to

the Mandan village to hire guides to conduct them to the home of this tribe. As no guides could be procured, Pierre returned the following summer, having accomplished nothing further than the cementing of the good-will of the Mandans, who were disposed to be very friendly towards the French. In the following spring (1742), Pierre returned with his brother and two other Frenchmen, and by availing themselves of the shortest route they reached their destination in three weeks.

The Mandans differed in many respects from the eastern tribes, who lived in the forests. Their home was upon the boundless prairie, which extended for hundreds of miles in every direction and over which roamed vast herds of buffalo. Their villages consisted of large lodges encircling an area which might be styled the public square but for the fact that it was circular in form. Each lodge was forty or fifty feet in diameter and served for the accommodation of a clan consisting of several families. They resembled huge ant-hills, flattened on top, and had an opening in the centre which served the double purpose of chimney and window. The framework was of strong poles laced together with willow branches, over which was laid a coating of clay two or three feet thick. Around the interior

walls buffalo hides stretched on poles served for beds, and the personal effects of the family were hung upon the strong posts supporting the heavy roof. The houses were heated in the winter season by huge fires kindled in the centre. Horses were plentiful among the Mandans,* and the broad meadows extending to the horizon furnished an abundant supply of fodder. They were expert riders, and many an exciting race was run on the plains adjoining the villages. More exciting still was the buffalo chase, in which horse and rider joined with equal zest, and displayed a skill in rounding up the monarchs of the prairie which has no equal in the sports of the present century. As beasts of burden the horses were indispensable. The ends of two of the poles that formed the framework of a portable tepee were lashed to the girth about the middle of the animal, while the other ends trailed upon the ground. A buffalo hide, that served as a cover for the tepee, was fastened to the poles, and in this were placed the goods that were to be transported, or a squaw and her young family sat in its hollow and were thus dragged across the prairie, while the

* It is contended by some writers that horses were not introduced among the Mandans until several years after this period; but as practically all authorities agree that the Missouri tribes used horses at the time of La Verendrye's visit, I see no reason for believing that the important Mandan tribe was behind the others in this respect.

other members of the tribe galloped alongside, male and female alike sitting astride the well-trained ponies.

With this interesting tribe the Vérendrye brothers remained until midsummer, awaiting the arrival of some representatives of the Horse Indians, who, it was hoped, would conduct them to the Pacific. As the expected visitors did not come, they hired two Mandans to guide them to their customary haunts. For three weeks they journeyed westward over the dreary plains, but failed to find any trace of the tribe they sought. They then encamped on the brow of a hill and for a month waited with patience, keeping their camp-fire burning in the hope that the smoke would attract the attention of some roving band. Their spirits rose high on the fourteenth of September, when they descried an answering spire of smoke on the distant prairie, which proved to be a camp of Beaux Hommes Indians, enemies of the Mandans. Their guides grew alarmed and deserted them, leaving the Frenchmen to shift for themselves.

For three weeks they remained in this camp, and although unable to speak the language, they made known to their hosts by a system of signs common among the western tribes, that they wished to find the Horse Indians. The

band soon set out in a south-westerly course, accompanied by the white men, to whom they showed every kindness and consideration. They were joined on the journey by other friendly tribes, and after several days of uneventful travel they came upon the object of their search, a camp of the Horse Indians. This once numerous tribe, so called because they were supposed to be the first to introduce the horse among the western tribes, had just barely escaped annihilation at the hands of the Snakes, or Shoshones, a ferocious and warlike race, the Iroquois of the West. Seventeen villages had been ruthlessly destroyed and the greater part of the population slain or carried away as prisoners. When questioned as to the Pacific, the same reply which had been luring them on for years was given to the enquirers—they had never visited the ocean themselves, but for a consideration of presents and promises undertook to conduct the Frenchmen to a tribe called the Bow Indians, who professed to have traded not far from it. Still believing that their hopes were soon to be realized, they continued in a south-westerly direction, and in a few days reached an enormous gathering of the Bows and their allies, who were mustering their warriors from all points of the compass for an attack upon

their common foe, the Snakes. The chief of the Bows could not enlighten them regarding the Pacific, stating that he had never seen it, and none of his tribe knew anything about it, except what they had learned from Snake prisoners. He explained the nature of the proposed expedition and invited the Frenchmen to join them, assuring them that when they reached the mountains they would be able to see from the summits the great sea that they sought.

In a few days the camp broke up, and the cavalcade proceeded westward, accompanied by the four strangers. As they moved towards the mountains, the country became broken and their progress was much slower. A favorable spot, sheltered from the bleak winds, for it was then midwinter, was selected, and there a camp was made for the non-combatants. The poles were removed from the horses and placed in position for the framework of the tepees, the upper ends fastened together and the buffalo hides wrapped about them. Clumps of earth and stones were laid upon the lower edges to hold them in place, and in these snug quarters the women, children and old men took up their temporary abode, while the warriors moved on in search of the enemy, hoping to surprise them in the

winter season when they would be unprepared for an attack. The elder Vérendrye remained at the camp to guard the baggage, while his younger brother, Chevalier, and his two companions continued with the Indians upon the march. They moved forward in good order, and although they were all well mounted, it took them twelve days to reach the foot of the mountains, owing to the rough character of the country through which they passed. The scouts of the party discovered the village of the enemy, but it was deserted, and no trace of them could be seen. This fact alarmed the others, who feared that by a circuitous route the Snakes might reach their undefended camp and slaughter all the occupants before their return, so they decided upon an immediate retreat.

While Chevalier shared the general anxiety as to the safety of the camp, he could not bear the thought of returning at a time when he had, as he supposed, so nearly attained the object for which he and his father and brother had been striving for years, for he believed that could he once scale the snow-capped barriers that rose up so majestically before him, he would be able to look upon the blue waters of the long-sought Pacific. But as the Indians were resolute, and no arguments could

prevail upon them to continue the advance, he reluctantly turned his back upon those stern guardians of the Pacific coast which for the next sixty-two years were to defy the efforts of all explorers to wrest from them the secret of what lay hidden beyond their rugged peaks. He was the first white man to cross the continent to the base of the Rockies, and that, too, almost single-handed, and no one could be found to complete the work begun by him until 1805, when Lewis and Clark, supported by all the power and influence of the President of the United States, solved the problem of an overland route to the Pacific Ocean.

When the war-party returned to camp they found it undisturbed, and the allied bands dispersed to their respective homes. The Frenchmen returned to Fort La Reine, where La Vérendrye, the father, had spent many an anxious month awaiting some tidings of his sons, who had been absent for more than a year.

The fur monopoly had not thus far proved a successful venture. It had been forced upon La Vérendrye as the only means towards the great end he had in view. Rival traders threw in his way every impediment they could, and his associates, dissatisfied with the returns from their investments, never ceased to re-

proach him for the losses they sustained. He was now broken in health, and what little means he had possessed were all swallowed up in maintaining his posts and meeting the expenses of the expedition in search of the Western Sea. In vain the new governor, de la Galissonière, who alone recognized the true worth of his unselfish ambition, appealed to the Colonial Minister for aid to enable him to pursue his explorations. In recognition of his services, however, the King was pleased to confer upon him, in 1749, the much-coveted cross of the Order of St. Louis.

A few months later, although infirm, without means, and haunted by the experiences of a life clouded with losses and disappointments, La Vérendrye roused all his energies for one supreme effort to reach the goal of his desires, and was on the eve of again setting out for the West, when that last great summons, which brooks no delay, put an end to his dream of standing on the shores of the great sea which for twenty-two years he had labored in vain to find.

The same ill-fortune that pursued La Vérendrye to the closing years of his life followed his sons after his death. Chevalier had discovered the Saskatchewan, and it was his intention to follow it to the mountains, build a

fort there, and use this as a base for an expedition across the Rockies. But all his plans were doomed to be sacrificed to the avarice of two men who should have been the most forward in promoting instead of thwarting them. De la Jonquière had succeeded La Galissonière as governor, and he and the Intendant Bigot were as unscrupulous as they were greedy, and not only refused to renew in the names of the sons the commission to discover the Pacific which had been granted to the father, but practically confiscated the trading forts which the latter had built at his own cost, as well as a large quantity of goods he had sent there preparatory to the expedition he had in view at the time of his death. Robbed by the very officials who should have vouchsafed to them encouragement and protection, refused even the use of one of the forts which were their own by right, the two brothers found themselves destitute and in debt. The trade which they had secured by their operations in the West now went to swell the coffers of designing officials, while they, who sought for nothing further than the means of serving their country, found themselves face to face with misery and want. The elder brother writes: "We spent our youth and our property in building up establishments so advan-

tageous to Canada, and after all we were doomed to see a stranger gather the fruit we had taken such pains to plant." With his fortune dissipated, his labors wasted, and his services to his country unrecognized, Pierre met a fate worse than assassination by the savages—a life of poverty and neglect. His brother, Chevalier, who is entitled to be enrolled among the greatest discoverers of his age, felt so keenly the ingratitude of the Governor and Intendant that he truly expressed his feelings when he wrote: "My brother whom the Sioux murdered some years ago was not the most unfortunate among us." He perished at sea off the coast of Cape Breton in 1761.

La Vérendrye and his three sons are representatives of a class of martyrs who too frequently are passed over when reckoning up the men whose lives have been sacrificed for the general good. Poor, neglected and almost forgotten, discredited and robbed by those in authority, this noble family, by their unselfish and untiring devotion to the cause of discovery and expansion, entitled themselves to no inferior place among the honored pioneers whose trials and sufferings were endured as well for us as for the generation in which they lived.

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